SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

My Dear Don,—I have a grievance and would like to have it aired, and don't know anyone who is better capable of airing it than yourself.

Let me preface my story with a few remarks. I am a Sunday School teacher and a member of the good old English Church, I am not a Canadian. You will probably guess my nationality before I get through.

In the end of March a family moved from this town to Toronto. Two girls, aged sixteen and fourteen, had been for four or five years most regular members of my Sunday School class. They promised me they would keep up their regularity when in the city.

After they had been there some six weeks, I had a letter from one of the girls according to promise, telling me they had become members of Sunday School and attended that Church, but they did not care much for the Sunday School. I wrote back, of course, and counselled patience. City people were harder to know than country people, etc.

This evening I had a call from one of the sisters. (She is visiting in town.) Of course I made enquiries about her teacher and fellow-pupils. Imagine my surprise when she told me that since she entered the class not one of the other girls had even said "good-day" to her. The first day Bibles were one short, and she shared one with another girl. My old pupil asked the place and the other pointed with her finger, would not condescend to open her mouth.

Their annual Sunday School picnic took place last week, this girl would not go. "Knew no one, would have no fun."

The other sister had a like experience in another class, and has stopped attending.

I am no lover of dissenters, but I must say I don't think either girl would have been so treated by them.

Now, I believe both teachers and pupils are greatly to blame in this case. The teacher and the other girls carry on animated conversations with each other, but this poor country mouse is cold-shouldered by everyone.

I don't think I could be chased out of our church by neglect or anything else, but lots of people can be and are.

Would you mind giving teachers and pupils a raking in Saturday Night? It would do good. If not in this case there are others, but please do not mention names or places.

The incident related by my correspondent in the above letter is without doubt descriptive of the experience of the majority of outsiders who endeavor to find comfort and social helpfulness in a fashionable city church. I am entirely in accord with the friend who writes me that Anglicanism is much more prone than Methodism to cold-shoulder the outsider. If the coldness of the Anglican church, the exclusiveness which makes it so "genteel," the alleged respectability does not find time to receive with politeness, not to mention cordiality, those who would fain participate in its ministrations, it must be distanced by the organizations which even if they have less solidity have the knack of welcoming outsiders and making them feel at home. My correspondent has so well presented the case that nothing more need be said. Surely Christianity, no matter what name a church may take on, is something more than a social club. Are the poor little visitors to be so rudely elbowed out of the circle? Are society rules to have such a firm hold that those who do not come within the radius of social acceptance must live in an atmosphere not less frigid than that surrounding the north pole? Because we do not know people, if we esteem the truths which Christ taught we must assist them, not elbow them into infidelity or into a seeking after warmth elsewhere. Church work both for teacher and pupil, whether the teacher be the rector or the Sunday school superintendent, means hunting for those delicate chords of the human heart which when pleasily touched give forth such a harmonious response. If we elbow people away from us, if we strive to maintain social distinctions in God's house or in the annex which we call the Sunday school room, we may maintain those false distinctions conducive to exclusiveness but we cannot fulfill the mission appointed unto those who care for souls other than their own. Nor can it be imagined that anyone impressed by the solemnity of the great issue between eternal death and eternal life can for a moment forget his or her duty towards all those with whom he or she comes in contact.

* * *

Dear Don,—I want you to please write your opinion upon one thing that I shall suggest. It is upon "men who are honorable and straight in every business transaction," but who deliberately win the affections and love of women, maid or widow as the case may be, tell them that they are so fond of them, love them better than the whole world beside and do this for years, but never say "marry me." The woman has laid the whole wealth of her love at his feet, and possibly cannot learn to love another, as this man is her ideal and is truly lovable, only he loves himself best and is afraid to move out of the groove he has been running in for years. I write of men from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, for it is they who get into a groove, and not younger men. Some men, actually, after giving the woman every hope and cause to think that she will be his wife, tells her one day that he does not intend to marry, or will cruelly say that he will marry a young wife, tho' she who has been receiving his attention is fresh, blooming and young enough to have learnt to love this coward with heart and soul. Do, dear Don, write what you think about such men, and please respect my confidence.

I sympathize with the writer of this letter, yet I have written so much on this line that it seems scarcely possible to say anything new with regard to a man who has not mind enough to know either what he desires or needs. I often wonder what kind of a woman it is who "lays the whole wealth of her love" at the feet of such an indefinite creature as the tardy lover. Still more I wonder how little versed she must be in human craft who fails to land the fish who nibbles so long at the bait. Of course I know that so old a fish gets very cunning; he knows nearly all the artifices of the angler. Yet a woman must know that this cunning has not been acquired without a great deal of experience. Perhaps she has taught him part of his craft, yet he must have learned much in other schools. If within the first six months she could not bring him to time and induce him to announce himself, she should have known that he was enjoying himself at her expense. There are many men who have a strange code of morals. Some of them deem it proper to gratify their passions in a most illegitimate way, yet hold themselves blameless if a good woman be not the victim. Yet this same man will dally with the affections of a pure woman, and, turned about by every wind of fancy, wreck the lives of a dozen while not contributing to the happiness of one. They change their mind so often, put on such an easy conscience and adopt such indefinite habits of thought that there really ceases to be any tie, any bond, any obligation holding them to the procedure recognized by honorable suitors. When they are old and *blase* and suspicious of all men and all women who have had any opportunity to see the world and know its ways, they suddenly determine to marry a young girl with an idea of bringing her up to please themselves. As a rule the young girl is not their companion; it is impossible for May and December to mate. The old and suspicious husband lectures his young wife, and while he fain would teach, in nine cases out of ten he degrades his pupil while deluring her with suspicions and tainting her pure mind by the recital of examples such as she would not have heard of had he not sought to frighten her by the profundity of his knowledge of sin. The young and receptive mind takes in all these things, and the woman learns to think that the world is wicked and that the vile experience her husband has passed through is not too bad for her to have a share of.

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Experience is a good thing, yet to be valuable to two people they should learn the lesson together or at least in similar schools. The one who knows too much of evil shows, without teaching the mind of the one who listens and learns, that such evil things exist and are alluring. The old rascal who marries the young girl reaps his harvest of woe by suspecting the things such soiled imaginations suggest. Unless he be very wise and self-possessed he suggests intrigue and criminality when he seeks to warn and guide the young life, the bloom of which is ruined by the touch of his fevered hand. Mutual confidence is almost impossible; companionship between the pure and the impure is unnatural; a common joyousness is impossible to those whose experiences differ. It is thus that fate revenges itself upon these old "flirts," so-called men, who toy with the affections of a girl, hang about her after she has become a woman, destroy her chances of marriage during those few years when a woman is sought after, and leave her desolate, humiliated and forlorn, after her companions begin to stigmatize her as an "old maid." If I were a woman I frankly admit that I would never marry. I know men so well that I distrust them. Even the sweetest-tempered and most lovable of them are not good enough for a good woman. Yet I know it is no use to talk thus to those whose hearts long for the companionship of a stronger nature, those whose maternal instincts demand the fulfillment of life's mission. No doubt the natural thing is the wisest, the best thing for a woman to do, and it is natural for her to love and to desire to be beloved. Yet the happiness of the experience depends largely upon how willing one may be to sacrifice herself for another. The same self-sacrifice in the every-day life of a single woman, the same devotion brings as great if not a greater reward. To a woman who has loved long and has found her idol made of clay, it is easy to say that it is better to make this discovery before marriage than afterwards. One would be perfectly safe in saying that the discovery will be made some time. To the great army of the unloved, to the army almost as great of those who think they have been loved and have loved intensely, to those who hope to be loved and to become the idol of a man's life, let me say that one's own loving and not the passion which is professed or even felt by another is the secret of abiding in the bliss of love's heaven.

* * *

The other day I went out to visit the country-side in which I was born. In all the wide world there is no little road so sweetly quiet, so lovely, so perfect in its rural and rolling landscape as that through which the road runs along which I first toddled to the old blue school house on the hill. A little girl, the favorite of my childhood, the only love of my youth, the sweetheart of adolescence, my wife to-day and the mother of my bairns, links me to the familiar scene and makes it the cradle of all my early hopes and happiness. On a Sunday evening when the warm July air was made mellow with the light of a harvest moon, I drove along the familiar road and noted how the fences had been moved, the pasture lands had become heavy with ripening grain; how the trees which were but saplings when I was but half grown had thickened into a forest. I saw with sorrow where the old land marks had been cut down because the shadow and dampness had overcome the taste of the farmer, and pine and poplar, spruce and ash had been chopped away that the sun might shine in the unshuttered windows of the farm houses. I could see again the bright hues of the rag carpet, the broken back of the photograph album and the misty faces looking out of its pages on the stiff chairs and the unsightly stove in the front parlor. There too stood the old church with its defective masonry, its cracked walls and unwashed windows. Nestling close beside it is the graveyard, but it is not like some country graveyards, ill-kept and weedy. The well shaven sod and the green grass wrap themselves about the graves like the mantle of love which refuses to see the last resting place of the dead made hideous by the evidences of the forgetfulness of those who live and have forgotten those they loved. And right close by is the weather-beaten little house in which I was born. The old red gate is replaced by an unpainted one but the barn is unchanged, and without entering it I can picture the haymow and can see the stalls of Dick and Tom, and the stable where old Spot used to stand. The walls cannot hide the shabby old rooms, the stove, the steep staircase, the attic bedroom and the little window against which the boughs of the apple tree while swinging in the wind, used to beat. There, too, is the orchard. It is nearly thirty years since I gathered the fruit from the trees that are now knotted and knarled, yet I could find in the darkest night the branches beneath which the harvest apples used to drop, the old Sheep-Nose tree, the Rhode Island Greenings, the Tallman Sweets, the Limerick Russets, the Northern Spies and the King of Tompkins county. How well do I remember the little bridge over which the buggy rattles—not the old, old buggy with the Concord springs of long ago—but one with the same loose spokes, the same rattling shafts, and the same muddy box and the well worn buffalo robe to gather about one's knees when the dew begins to fall. The little clump of brush has all disappeared from the roadside, a barb-wire fence replaces the old stake and rider crook, but over there is the old blue pump, the rotting and well patched trough! They were new when I said good-bye to the farm. The white paint has been washed from the neighbor's house, the old red drive-barn now looks gray and dingy in the moonlight; the short green corn waves in the same field where we cut the only shade tree one night on a coon hunt. A welcome sight thou peaceful fields, and good-bye. As I have said good-bye to the boys that wandered with me over the grassy or grain-clad fields, good-bye! Unthinking you rest beneath the harvest moon, and unthoughtful amidst scenes upon which shines the same round moon I toil unhopeful of the simple happiness that comes not to those who feel no more the pressure of the arms that once pressed him to a mother's breast.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$72 50
E. M. L.	0 50
M.	5 00
A Lover of Fresh Air	8 00
A Working Girl	2 00
Agnes P.	1 00
Total	$89 00

Don.

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Believes in the fine old Scotch style of Sabbath, with a curfew bell attachment and many antiquated frillings of pious design and statutory force, must have experienced an emphatic pang when reading on Monday morning of the ungodly doings in the Queen's Park the previous afternoon. But their first thought no doubt was a speculation as to how and where the legal machinery for enacting holiness could best apply in this emergency. This ebullition of popular feeling afforded them no instruction—conveyed no intimation of the unwisdom of penning thousands of idle men into narrow limits where they so act that repressive by-laws are necessary, but which they resent as unjust. After all these years of enforced sanctity one day in seven, the time seems to have arrived when the natural inclination of the multitude demands some allowance. Of course before greater liberality is shown towards the people more coercion is almost sure to be applied. In the opinion of the mysterious mind or group of minds from which our blue laws emanate, it would be better to close up the Queen's Park or fill it with soldiers who could tickle everyone with a bayonet who failed to sit down on the grass with hands folded like children playing button, than to let street cars coax the noisy ones away from the city. They would prefer the quiet preserved by the bayonet to the noise produced by a Sunday car. It is an evil thing to propose that John Smith, a street car man, should work on the Sabbath day, but John Smith, the constable, or John Smith, the soldier, can work. The street car shall not run, but let the patrol wagon fly. It is a singular fact that those who believe this to be a saintly city and aim to keep it so, are fighting for complete victory or utter defeat. They give no quarter, and when they get under are likely to receive less consideration than their good intentions and proper aims would otherwise entitle them to. Whatever may next transpire, the authorities cannot afford to let the park become a Sunday battle ground for rowdies. A by-law passed by the City Council must not be in effect repealed by a lot of roughs drawn up in serried array about a stone pile—a crowd that cares no more for free speech than it does for the secrets of the pyramids. What a senseless thing a crowd is! Here the frequenters of the park had mobbed the preachers and made them flee with rattling knees down the side streets until they felt like mild imitations of the martyred Stephen. The authorities then forbade the preachers to further provoke the people, and the crowd at once resented this interference of authority, mobbed the police with greater vim than they had the fakirs on previous Sabbaths and clamored for the return of the preachers, some of whom their own violence had banished. In the mob the by-law finds:

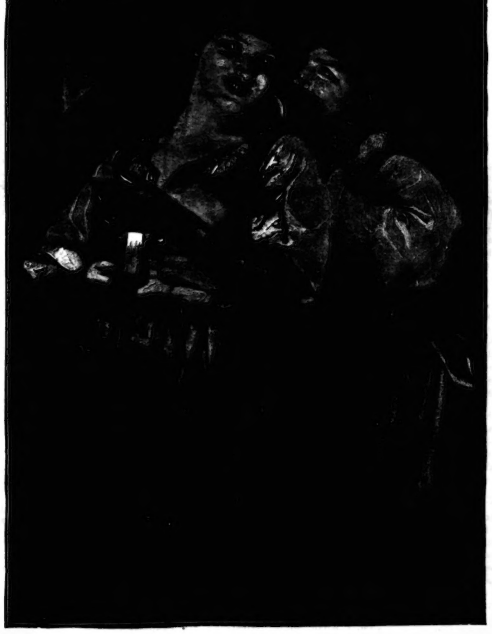
> Many enemies that know not
> Why they are so, but like to village curs
> Bark when their fellows do.

And Mayor Clarke who rashly ventured his conspicuous figure into view of the uneasy multitude, seems to have had his dignity considerably ruffled. No doubt he went there with some indefinite idea of being lionized as the purifier of the public breathing space. If he had used a little diplomacy and hired some strong-lunged acquaintance to propose three cheers for him, he might have been the darling of the hour, so little a thing does it require to shape the purpose of a crowd. But he neglected this cheap precaution and was crowded from the park—being fortunately guarded by police—while in his ears sounded the horrid din of a multitude's displeasure. When he regained his breath at a safe distance from his enemies, brushed the dust from his clothes and glistening tile and threw away the soiled ruins of his bouquet, he had gained much hurried experience of the human family. He must have thought—and since I have taken the chill plunge into poetry I may as well drown myself in it—something after the manner of that other famous personage who in bitterness of spirit viewed a mob:

> Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
> Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain!
> Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
> And fickle as a changeful dream.

* * *

There is value in other liberties than that of free speech. But to style the new park by-law an attack on the principle of free speech is a mistake unless one understands that precious principle as meaning only the right to make speeches freely without incurring the expense of hiring a hall or advertising for an audience. Nor can it properly be called free speech in this literal sense, for the inevitable collection taken up by the speaker robs it of that refuge. In this city of more than two hundred thousand souls, only one hundred or so are interfered with by that by-law. These are men and women who are tormented with missions—women overtaken with years and matrimonial and social failures, and a consequent conviction that life is hollow and of no account—men with meagre brains and an inverse armament of lung power, who, after proving sad tools in earthly affairs, do extravagant service to Christianity as though trying to accomplish something by contriving a partnership with the Almighty. The man with a mission seldom owns a connection with a regular church, but aims to raise a new voice in the wilderness directing people to a particularly choice heaven and—being well up in the geography and geology of the eternal realms—warning them away from a material and carefully described hell. As for me, I experienced no feeling of anger on learning that my right to orate in the public parks or wherever else I could ambush my fellows on the Sabbath had been legislated away. In fact, the change brought a sense of relief. The man with a mission has been chasing me about for years; dodging out of



SECRETS.

doorways with a wishy-washy tract in hand; driving me from the parks under penalty of hearing and seeing him; following me to the docks with his wild exhortations and pursuing my tired flight to the Island. He has stopped me on the street to convince me of the folly of smoking, and always rang in an illogical argument for teetotalism. Sometimes he represents himself as an old drinker, and I gather that remorse makes him thus eloquent and earnest between sprees, using me as a sort of salve for his conscience. At other times he presents himself as one who never tasted any sort of liquor, never used tobacco nor profane language, nor stole anything, nor committed murder, nor possessed any other fault or weakness such as men have and angels are tempted with. I am tired of both sorts of evangelists. It is humiliating to come in contact with the holy one, and it is aggravating to be lectured by the remorseful one. The tyranny of the man who is tormented with a mission cannot end too soon for my comfort.

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It seems to me that too many people make a sublime faith their chiefest agony on earth as though, dissatisfied with the atonement, they feel obliged to do lifelong penance for their quota of the original sin, or some more recent outrage. On the average this life is fairly comfortable, but there are sufficient troubles in it without mixing wormwood with our spiritual beverage. Between taxes and headache, business embarrassments and influenza, dumers and other diseases, a man's religion requires to be of a cheerful strain. But we all know how the lugubrious brother abounds, he who for ever fears and trembles in presence of a God of Wrath and at family worship reads the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah as a lesson; whose children must go to church though they go in rags, and if visibly mortified by the jeers of companions are roundly chided for having a vain spirit and are reminded that the Son of Man had not where to lay his head. He takes fervent pleasure in making his family social martyrs for religion's sake, and would reconcile his children to open beggary by quoting the glorious result achieved by Lazarus and his ultimate advantage over Dives. When the hay that should have been gathered in on Monday or Tuesday is destroyed by a long threatened rain on Wednesday, he droops his head in submission to God's will and thumbs over the book of Job. As his financial affairs become more involved he takes counsel in prayer, allows his daughters to enter service in the kitchens of strangers, parts with every household comfort and bows to the chastening rod. In the majority of cases the man's indolent mismanagement of affairs is the source of all his trouble, for he misconceives his earthly duties. To my mind the first obligation upon living creatures is to appreciate God's gift of life and use it to the very best advantage. Being resident on this matter of fact globe, a man owes something to himself and to the rest of us. He owes it to us to maintain himself and all belonging to him without becoming a public charge; he owes it to himself to pull away if he can from the vicinity of poverty. The Creator has many times shown sympathy with the poor but has not imposed negligent poverty as an essential to divine favor. That a man is a complete failure on earth constitutes no absolute guarantee that he will be an angelic seraph in the world to come, and I imagine that the man who through his own failings increases the world's poverty and adds to the number of its paupers, cannot die without sin, however well he may have observed the ten commandments. Parent of poverty, which begets misery and crime, his skirts are not clear. I think many will disagree with this, for I know vast numbers who, to reconcile their beliefs with their practices, must disagree with this; men who seem to spend every moment of their lives looking star-ward, and cannot find time to discharge the obligations of human honesty. They look up so inveterately that they stumble into everybody's debt and religiously refrain from looking down long enough to guide their feet into the paths of solvency.

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The needy artist referred to in these columns last week seems for years to have been in a chronic condition of extreme want. A number of gentlemen have sent in letters and cards, saying that they have been operated upon in the same way, and one encloses a letter received three months ago, which reads word for word with that published. Another received the identical letter three years ago. In every case those approached are among the best people in town, who either pursue art or encourage it and might be supposed to come down handsomely when the rescue of an unfortunate genius might admit them to a glorious partnership in his ultimate fame. It really seems that for three years at least this mysterious English artist, with a wife and fourteen children—on referring again to the letter I find that the children are but seven, which shows the moderation of the writer who could have magnified his tale of woe by pretending to have fourteen little artists depending upon him—it seems that this unfortunate man has been periodically threatening to demean himself by digging roads to escape the torture of his sensitive feelings. Ah, what heroism is developed by adversity! For three years at least, in some unpretentious abode, he has had a lady's portrait—life-size, eight feet high—waiting for a few master touches that will put him and his far beyond the reach of want, but alas! his genius pines for lack of paints. For three years most of his regular patrons have been out of town on vacation and he has been in sheer desperation with not a cent in the house, and no idea where a bite of food could be had to postpone starvation. This would be very sad were it not that it is practically impossible for even an artist to subsist three years without provisions. That he is a fraud making periodical raids upon kind-hearted people, cannot longer be doubted. He is an impostor and should no longer meet the least success with his schemes. ZEKE

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The peculiar significance of the phrase "Little, but Oh! my!" is illustrated by the first feeling we Canadians have on reading American reviews of Canada and the Canadian Question. We are neither angered nor insulted by the shocked disapproval of American journalists. We feel quite calm about the "poison that is in the Canadian mind"—as the *Atlantic Monthly* puts it—and we are quite unwilling to rob the Americans of any pleasant, thank-God-we-are-not-as-they-are sensation they may receive by looking at things through Prof. Goldwin Smith's microscopic eyes. "When I was a little, and a tiny boy," to quote the bard, I was a virtuous youth, and learned my catechism, and recited with great gusto the fact that I was a child of wrath, and other virtuous truths of another persuasion may have glibly reiled off the statement that they were heirs of hell and other unpleasant things, without being much affected either; and Canadians feel as cheerful as do the good little boys over their alleged wickedness. All is right if heart and conscience are right, 'tis said, and our consciences are clear. As the little boy in John Ward, Preacher, played at "roaring in hell," we read the platitudes and moralizations of the American press, and for a brief space enjoy the delightful "Little, but O! my" sensation, and for a minute or two play at being politically the wickedest nation on earth.

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They have been having a terrible time in New York during the last ten days. All the long-haired men and short-haired women and new-fledged class orators and Mrs. Grundys have been using up pints of ink and reams of paper writing to the press. The Society for the Suppression of Vice has been importuned, but as Anthony Comstock has gone fishing it is powerless as an oyster. For noncommittal onlookers dog days have been enlivened by a pair of bare legs, man's legs, O sedate matron! It seems that a German garter peddler, by name of Ralbe, has been in the habit of illustrating the peculiar excellences of his wares upon his own person. The garters which he sells are particularly adapted for men and clasp just below the knee and above the calf and hold the sock—which on these hot days is so prone to get down about the ankle—by means of a descending strap. Ralbe has been in the habit of showing the appliance in operation by parading Broadway with his trowsers cut off at the knee. This has been going on for months, and all went well until a week ago Wednesday when a good old lady and her adolescent nephew saw the spectacle and decided that they were shocked. They went to the Society for the Prevention of Vice, but Comstock, as I have said, was away and had left a young lady in charge. Of course it would have been indelicate for a young lady to meddle with an affair of a man's legs, so the good dame was obliged to lay the case before the public through the medium of the New York press, with the results above described. The letter writers are divided into factions and many of their effusions are amusing. One purporting to be from a factory girl and signed Lulu, takes the advanced view of woman's rights. She claims that if a man has a right to advertise his wares in the way Ralbe has done, a woman has too, and could also sell many more garters. She laments the injustice of authorities who allow Ralbe to go at large, but who would jug her in the Tombs if she used similar means of attracting attention. Another letter, evidently in earnest, is from a widow who says she has two daughters, aged respectively fifteen and eleven, and cannot allow them to walk down Broadway lest they should see Ralbe and have their virtue undermined. Anthony Comstock has not returned to town yet and the factions are still warring until he comes home and settles matters.

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Incidents like the above serve to show what a number of people there are in the world who are considered tools, but who are only narrow-minded. The good lady referred to, who is fearful for her daughter's virtue, is a representative of a very large class, but she carries her principles further than most. Most ladies of her class confine themselves to prohibiting George Eliot's novels from their daughters' book shelves. If a girl be at all wilful she may read the books on the sly, and they have for her an artificial immorality, and the purpose of the author to purify and elevate the human race is utterly defeated. Had it not been for Mrs. Grundy we would have a healthier and purer literature in our book stores to-day. The human mind, naturally chafing under restraint, resents the fact that all books treating of "the forbidden subject" are denied it, and in breaking loose from restraint embraces all books on the "subject," without idea of good or evil, thinking all evil creates a market for it. If readers had always a sense of the seventh commandment's proper color in the woof of life, what a literature of glorious crystal modern literature would be.

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There is an annoying misapprehension as to the Metropolitan Electric Railway in the minds of citizens at present. This has been caused by the zeal and enterprise of a few Deer Park old women, who have personal grudges against the directors of the road. Some of these "fakirs," properly called, got hold of one or two clever Toronto journalists and sowed some seeds of untruth, or, what is worse, partial truth, and these journalists, to whom the district over which the road runs and its affairs are quite unknown, have written articles which tend to heighten the misapprehension. These Deer Park gentlemen also took the trouble to fake up a petition which by liberal misrepresentation they got signed by a number of honest men. The principal cry seems to be that a T rail would obstruct traffic, a palpable untruth as all who are interested enough to take a ride over the road may see. The electric cars every day run from the old light track on to the T rail, and the height is exactly the same, the only wonderful thing about a T rail being that the greater part of it is sunk beneath the road and is not so easily affected by frost or the weight of the great cars.

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The faked up petition aforesaid asked that the tracks be run in the middle of the road, but as the greater part of the line within the city limits—less than a quarter of a mile—runs on a steep and peculiarly shaped hill, it would ruin traffic in earnest to change it from its present position. There is fifty yards of road on which the line runs, which has houses on either side, but surely the residents are unwilling to force the Metropolitan Railway to run horse cars and fill their rooms with dust. While the city continues to show the inclination to play the obstructionist part that it has in the past, citizens cannot hope to get one through fare to the cemetery, which privilege I believe the Metropolitan directors are ready and even anxious to grant. They have many interests in the northern suburbs besides an electric railway and will not be slow to seize any opportunity to facilitate the influx of citizens into their district. TOUCHSTONE.

Social and Personal.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard of SATURDAY NIGHT and family are on the ocean, *en route* for Antwerp. They secured passage on the Belgian steamer Noordland. Mrs. Sheppard and family intend making a long stay in Germany, but Mr. Sheppard expects to return to Toronto in a few weeks.

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Among the arrivals at Port Sandfield are Major and Mrs. Clark and niece, New York, Mrs. Craig and daughters, Rochester, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Todd, Mrs. James Carruthers, Mrs. A. B. Campbell, Mrs. McWilliams and family, Mrs. Geo. S. Homestead and daughter.

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A most delightful dance took place at the new ball-room of the Prospect House on Wednesday.

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Mr. D. R. Wilkie has gone to Beaumaris, Muskoka, where his family are spending the summer.

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Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Sewell have returned from Oakville.

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Mr. J. S. McMurray and a party composed of General Noble, Minister of the Interior, Washington, American Consul Pope, and Messrs. C. J. Campbell, A. M. Cosby, and A. M. Dodge, have gone to Penetang. They will for a time be the guests of Mr. Dodge and contemplate a pleasant trip on his handsome steam yacht, the Skylark.

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Mr. Frank Arnoldi sailed from New York on Wednesday for a trip to the Old Country. He intends visiting London, Dublin and Edinburgh, and returning to this city about the middle of September.

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A very pretty wedding took place at Whitby, July 21, when Mr. Robert Kimbal Orr, B.A., barrister-at-law, was united in marriage to Miss Dora Johnston. Mr. Orr is at present the principal of the Niagara High School, south. The bride is the sister of Mrs. Albert Singer of Yonge street north, and the bridegroom youngest brother of Mr. W. H. Orr of Bloor street east. The bride's presents were handsome and costly. The happy couple left for the east and intend spending part of the honeymoon among the White Mountains and in visiting places of interest along the Atlantic seaboard.

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Miss Tessie Cummings has just returned from Bobcaygeon, where she has been enjoying the cool breezes for a couple of months.

*

Mrs. McIntosh, Winnipeg, sister of Sir James Grant, Ottawa, and Miss Shaw, Chatham, are visiting Mrs. R. H. Cosbie, 24 Rose Ave.

*

Mr. Sims, of London and Lancashire Insurance Co., and wife, leave 1st August, for Muskoka for a few weeks' holiday.

*

Mrs. Frances J. Moore, London's favorite pianiste, has been visiting Mrs. Harrison of Gloucester street and Mrs. McKeand of John street for the past fortnight.

*

List of arrivals at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P.Q.: Mrs. Howard, Mr. T. Harris and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Ives and family, Mr. J. L. Morin, Mr. A. T. Rhodes, Mr. John J. Anston, Mr. W. G. Anston, Miss Anston, Mrs. Sturgeon, Mrs. and Miss D. Minogue, Mrs. Louis Davis, Mr. A. J. Theriot, Mr. C. T. Hart, Mr. R. Y. Hebden, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Calsholm, Miss Calsholm, Miss Thomas, the Misses A. and L. Major, Mr. G. R. Lightbound, Mr. T. Misner, Mr. E. Husser, Mr. Kenneth Ashworth, Mr. W. B. Chapman, Mr. W. E. Price, Mrs. and Miss Buhur, Mrs. McPherson, Mr. T. McBride, Mr. P. W. M. McLagan, Mr. C. Garth, Mr. Armitage Rhodes, Mr. John E. Logan, Mr. C. Drinkwater, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Wurtell, Miss Estelle O'Brien, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Peterson, Mr. J. Carron, Mr. D. McEntyre, Mr. J. B. Abbott, Mr. F. May, Mr. D. A. Starr, Mr. C. Lane, Mr. C. Howard, Mr. G. R. Hooper, Mr. T. Lisbatt and wife, Mr. J. T. Allan, Mr. F. Armstrong, Mr. Pangman of Montreal, Mr. J. Freeman of New Zealand, Mr. R. E. Kimber, Mr. S. Rondeau, Mr. F. W. Avery of Ottawa, Miss R. W. Simons of Boston, Mass., Mr. W. Macfarlane of New York, Mr. E. F. and Mrs. Green of Twickenham, Eng.

The Misses Coles of Glen road entertained a few young people last Thursday evening.

*

Among those who left on the Cibola last Saturday to attend the hop at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, was a pleasant little party of young people who were joined by some New York friends and on Sunday visited the Falls. Among them were Mrs. Wilbur and Miss Hotchkiss of New York, Miss King, Miss Jones, Messrs. J. Stanton King, Parkhurst Hopkins, Jerrold Hotchkiss, Dr. Fred Capon and others.

*

Mrs. Irving Cameron, Master and Miss Cameron left on Wednesday for a summer sojourn at Waubeshene.

*

Mr. A. L. Branchand of the Bank of Montreal has gone for a trip on the Rideau.

*

Mr. Wm. Carmichael Hynds, M.A., principal of the Oxford school, Baltimore, is spending a few weeks with his brother, Mr. R. W. Hynds, 153 College street.

*

Mr. R. B. Ferrie, Bank of Montreal, is at Lake Joseph, Muskoka, for the holidays.

*

Mrs. Morison and family and Miss Simpson of Spadina avenue are summering at the Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

*

Mr. A. J. Hollyer, Bank of Montreal, is at Penetang.

*

Mr. John W. Eston is stopping at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

*

Miss E. Busha of Elgin, Ill., is spending a few weeks with Mrs. William Jones of Indian road, High Park.

*

Mrs. Geo. Gamble, Miss Nettie Gamble, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Culverwell, Miss Selby and Rev. P. L. Spencer are the guests of Mr. and Mrs Blachford, White Star Cottage, Mazaugah Island, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fusselbaugh and Miss Mary R. Preitsman of Baltimore, who are touring through Canada, reached Toronto last Monday. They spent several days visiting places of interest and receiving the visits of relatives and friends. On Wednesday evening Mrs. R. W. Hynds entertained them at her residence on College street.

There was great fun at the Long Pond, Center Island, both among the spectators of and participants in the Island Aquatic Association sports last Saturday. If a hearty laugh is better than a doctor's prescription, then a good many fat fees are owing Messrs Murray, Rolph, etc., for their friends had many a hilarious moment while witnessing the programme so ably carried out on and in the water.

*

Mr. C. Molson and Mr. W. McCulloch of Molson's Bank are away on their summer holidays.

*

Mr. E. R. Hill and Mrs. Hill are holiday making in Muskoka.

*

Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Tapham, in Penang, N.Y.

*

Mr. Sam Graham of Molson's Bank is enjoying his vacation.

*

Mrs. J. R. Robertson and Miss Holland are at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

*

Mrs. R. B. Hamilton is summering at Orillia.

*

Messrs. Harry Powell and Carleton Davies are camping near Peterborough.

*

Herr Friedewald of the Ingres-Coutellier Schools has gone to New York for a month's holiday.

The Summer Outing.

Never be deluded into going on a trip with only the traditional handbag pure and simple. Take the handbag, by all means; it is most useful in its true place; and if it is one of the newer cloth-sided ones, by sewing a piece of strong inch-wide elastic across one inner side and dividing it at short intervals, with a few firm stitches, also dividing the usual shallow pockets (at least in halves) in the same manner, you have the first essential principles of a proper dressing-bag, as good for your use as one of the most expensive ones. The compartments so easily made will hold all the bottles and boxes needed for the toilet and medicinal purposes. But take a well filled trunk with you beside this, that you may enjoy the luxury of a complete change of toilet after a day's tramp, as well as some of the smaller necessities of civilized life. If you intend to seek some rural retreat far away from the traveled road, provide a bottle of ammonia, one of Jamaica ginger in case a sudden chill should render a stimulant necessary, and whatever simple remedies you may be in the habit of using. A private supply of chocolate, tea and Liebig's beef extract will also be of service. A few yards of netting, sufficient to tack over the windows to keep out flies and mosquitoes, may prove a boon for which some readers of these lines will give me a mental vote of thanks. And, apropos of the mail, don't omit to provide an ample supply of stationery and postage stamps—they are apt to be miles away from "secluded summer nooks." For the proverbial rainy day store away a good supply of novels, games, or fancy work—whatever best suits your taste. The making of this "summer souvenir album" is an agreeable pastime. This contains any little remembrance of a place—a photograph of it, a pressed flower gathered in a certain spot, a dainty group of seaweeds or tiny shells, leaves, ferns and mosses, collected during little expeditions, can be arranged whenever the rain prevents outdoor rambles, and it is wonderful how many pleasant little reminiscences will be revived while turning over the pages by the fireside in winter.

Explicit Directions.

A State street jeweler received a despatch from an old-time friend recently which read: "Will leave for Chicago to morrow. Meet me at train three."

As there are half a dozen "train threes" on as many different Chicago railroads entering different depots, and as several of them reach the point from which the telegram had been sent, the recipient promptly administered a gentle rebuke, thus:

"As I can't meet all the trains there to-morrow, am afraid I'll miss you. But you can easily find me. I'll be waiting for you on Mr. Yerkes' grip-car, No. 525."

An hour later came the meek and business-like despatch:

"Meet me at Palmer House to-morrow night at six. Come dry."—*Chicago Mail.*

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Special Sale of Gloves During July and August

Kid-Fitting Silk Gloves from 50c.

MOUSQUITAIRE GLOVES
In all lengths and all the newest shades

We are clearing out a lot of
Glace Gloves at Greatly Reduced Prices

Gent's Driving and Walking Gloves
Misses and Children's Gloves in Great Variety

R. & G. CORSETS, IN ALL COLORS
A special line in summer corsets, $1.25.

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11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto

NOWHERE else in Toronto will you find such a handsome selection of high grade Pianos as in our warerooms. We offer our customers the choice of:

STECK, (New York)
BEHR BROS., "
DUNHAM, "
SOHMER, "
KNABE, (Baltimore)
PIANOS.

Also a full stock of the now justly famous New Scale Dominion Piano.

Correspondence and inspection invited.

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Warerooms: 68 King St. West.

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ASTHMA CURE
CAN BE HAD AT
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230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter
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POPULAR PASSENGER STEAMER
OCEAN
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Leaves Hamilton 10 a.m., Toronto 4 p.m., every Saturday for Kingston, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Montreal. Fare from Hamilton, $3; return, $5. Fare from Toronto, $2 50; return, $4. For freight or passage apply to W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, Toronto, or at Geddes' Wharf.

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BRASS FRUIT KETTLES
A full Assortment of all descriptions of Granite and Enamelled Ware.

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Corner King and Victoria Streets

Something New and Choice in Booklets
A TENNIS SET, in Picture and Verse
AND
: : A DAY'S FISHING : :
Both Illustrated with suitable designs and tied with ribbon. Post free; $1 each.

JAMES BAIN & SON
Booksellers, Toronto.

Between You and Me.

BUT you are a crank," said a man of might to me the other day. I thought I had cornered him nicely when I retorted, "Now, please tell me, what *is* a crank." "Well," said he musingly, "say you have an idea, all well and good; but say the idea has you, then you're a crank—see?" And I saw and was silent. Silent, but not subdued, for I like ideas to get me! That is what has made all the workers in field and factory, in laboratory and library, in the higher and daisy-starred ways of the world's salvation, grind and strive and plead and succeed. The ideas got them! they were to the uninitiated cranks—but in time they triumphed. St. Paul was a crank when he said he would merge his own individuality in that of the most antagonistic nature he knew if he could only by his sympathy win that wilful heart for the Crucified. Florence Nightingale was a crank—God bless her—when she hurried away from home and friends, driven by the idea that had got her, the ambition to go and help and soothe and save. Inventors whom we rise up daily and honor, were all cranks. The idea got Christopher Columbus that our country lay across the yeasty waves, got him so badly that he found America in the end; but many a score of superior-minded Dons and Donnas *thought*, if they hadn't the modern word at hand to *say* it, that he was a crank. There are doubtless feather-headed cranks who have sham ideas, but a real honest idea and a real earnest crank are bound to make things move—and *not* move backwards!

•

I promised you, dear girls (boys too, if you are reading this column), that I would tell you of our "over the Don" picnic. We went to the cherry tree and the farmhouse, but found the front gate locked and every aperture to the house sealed up as tight as a gem jar. A hurried visit to the Todmorden postoffice revealed the warning postcard still reposing in its pigeon-hole and removed the horrid suspicion of insincerity from my good farm friends. However, the back gate was open; the cherries and raspberries weren't under lock and key, and the delicious grassy orchard with its gnarled old apple trees laden with cholera morbus was worth wheeling twice as far to enjoy. And after a long drowsy afternoon and several pitched battles with fallen greenings as ammunition, we wheeled home a little disappointed but with a sweet memory of fruitful fields, soft cool grass, and delicious country air to give us an appetite for dinner.

•

I gladly give space to the following letter which informed me of the undesirable and unpleasant turn given to an innocent and healthful exercise by some person who might find better employment:

DEAR LADY GAY.—There is a small weekly sheet published here which has devoted a column to an underhand attack on the lady cyclists of Toronto, backing up its statements, or rather insinuations, by opinions said to have been obtained from parsons and doctors, thirteen names being quoted. That good old back number, Bishop Coxe, is announced as authority for the absurd remark that women on wheels look like witches on broomsticks. He never said anything of the sort, but of course reporters are allowed a certain sailing room and I shall let that pass. The small sheet further adds that Toronto clergymen disapprove of cycling for ladies. Now I write to say that my clergyman—the pastor of one of the fashionable and wealthy churches of our city—heartily approves of lady cyclists, and secondly, that I am riding under my physician's orders; that this physician's special excellence lies in his treatment of all kinds of weaknesses to which femininity is victim, and his name is a household word in Toronto, not needing any advertising in this letter. Though I do not suppose our lady cyclists or their friends would take the trouble if they had the opportunity to read the effusion I have referred to, still, it gives a wrong impression and I just speak for myself when I say that neither parson, doctor, husband nor any relative I own disapproves of lady cyclists. How could they, who know us and see the benefit which wheeling has been to our health and spirits? Good bye, dear Lady Gay. Yours truly and modestly,

A LADY CYCLIST.

•

Thanks, dear sister wheel, both for putting me *au courant* with the small sheet's effort and for taking so well-backed a stand. I, too, ride with the gracious approval of my clergyman, the encouragement of my physician, and the kindly consent and active good comradeship of my better half. All the married riders I know are in like happy state, and the single ones are taught and accompanied by their brothers. We don't want to be in the bad graces of other folks' pastors, or even of lady doctors, but it's just as well that those who have allowed their opinions to be published should know that there is room for two sides to this question, and with the greatest respect and kindly feeling Lady Gay is bound to modestly step over on the other side.

•

A coincidence, in the shape of another letter on cycling, comes by the post to day. I think you will find it worth reading for the fun that gleams from every line, and I make no excuse for presenting it to you:

DEAR LADY GAY,—If you will open Through the Looking Glass at page 166 you will find the words of my text: "Whenever it (the horse) stopped (which it did very often) he fell off in front, and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly) he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways," and that is just the state of the case with me at present, because "all along of you" and SATURDAY NIGHT (and Bishop Coxe) I have been reduced into buying a bicycle, and have become an object of terror to my friends and derision to my enemies in consequence. Since the days of Eve no woman has ever fallen so unintermittently all over the place, wherever there is anything to fall on, over or against. I practice in my own avenue, which is bounded on the south by a private hedge and on the north by a raised terrace with a long flower bed on top, into either of which I pitch in every conceivable position with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. I tried propelling myself along by a fence, collapsed instantly and completely on a heap of stones—picked up bruised, but still game.

Now, dear Lady Gay, please tell me how you learnt and how long it took before you could go alone? and were you taught by a regular professor? and is he still alive? and if so, could he teach me if I came down to Toronto for an indefinite period? and did you fall soft or did you break anything? A friend mocked me the other night and insinuated that I was afraid, and made me madder than a wet hen. "I'll show you whether I'm afraid or not," cried the pride that goes before the fall. Then there was a rush in the quiet evening air, a crash—a cross between a yell and a groan—an equal mixture of woman and bicycle sprawling on a mangled flower bed, and in the background a he-man jeering wildly, and over all the (slightly shocked) face of the rising moon! However, if I knew the right way to set about it I could learn as others have done. You know the verse about "Laughs at impossibilities," and says, "It shall be done." At present it is a case of *volo non valeo*. Help me, Lady Gay! Oh! help me to strike out the *non*.

Believe me,
Yours rather bruisedly,
L——.

I had such a lovely day last Monday that I think I must tell you a little bit about it. We four who were barred out of our Todmorden friend's home, took the Empress of India at half past seven and went across the lake—intending to ride from Port Dalhousie to St. Catharines. Lazier counsels prevailed upon us to take the train, and in due time we arrived at "St. Kits." Do you know what a beautiful little place St. Kits is, with its wide level hard streets and plentiful trees and lovely fresh air? And there we found a Torontonian who is keeping bachelor's hall on a fruit farm some miles out of the city, and after dinner, so charmingly did he persuade us, that we agreed to wheel to the farm and have a country tea. It was hot and rough and dusty, but we reached our destination in time and found two sofas under a mammoth English cherry tree—lemonade galore, raspberries in their prime, and two or three hours of *dolce far niente*, which are so good for man and woman who work hard—then, with scant time to catch our boat, we started for the most charming ride down hill, miles on miles along the towpath, then across a long floating bridge, and for cyclists who want the very perfection of coolness, water, smooth roads and a small and seductive incline, let me recommend that wheel from St. Kits to Port Dalhousie.

LADY GAY.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

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Will be open for business on June 10. Its special features are pure air, genuine country life and perfect safety for children. The beach is exceptionally fine, and the bathing both healthful and free from danger. A beautiful mineral spring, whose waters contain medicinal properties, is an additional advantage. For particulars and terms address the proprietor, J. J. WRIGHT, Goderich, Ont.

LADIES
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BARBOUR'S
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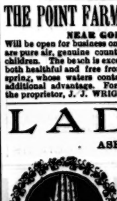

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Ladies' Vests, 3 for 25c.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, 3 pairs 50c
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And men's wear:

Men's Knitted Socks, 10c.
Men's Mesino Socks, 20c.
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Men's Unlaundered White Shirts, 50c.
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Full dress width, a handsome hem stitched embroidery 40c. a yard. Its worth is 65c.
White Embroidered Flouncings. Black Embroidered Flouncings. Children's Flouncings.

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Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET
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Reduced rates on general work for sixty days.

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A NEW SONG
FOR BARITONE
"A British Subject I was Born, a British Subject I Will Die"
Words and Music by S. T. CHURCH
PRICE 40 CENTS—A REALLY GOOD SONG
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Lawn Tennis, Archery, Boating, Bathing, Driving, &c. Evening entertainments. Sunday services. Telephone and Postoffice.
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LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

A Rapid Age.

Uncle Abner (of Gray Forks)—What's the matter, Maria? You look kinder doleful.

Maria—I was over in the graveyard to day, Abner; and I tell you this 'ere place is gettin' too lively. Why, there was a lot o' new graves o' people I never hear'n tell on!

A Peaceful Section

Missouri Traveler—This is a famous section for feuds, I understand.

Native—No more peaceful parts anywhere than right here. No feuds here. Everything's as pleasant as pie.

"But how about the Billington-Wellington feud?"

"Over long ago. I'm Billington."

"Indeed! I haven't met any of the Wellington's."

"No; nor you won't. The feud is over."

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English Tweed Mackintoshes a Specialty

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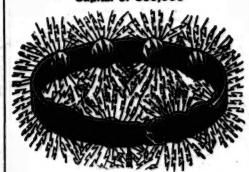

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Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Belt Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.
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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's own.
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Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
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We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
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STANDARD
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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
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The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.
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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XII.

AN EAST END FUNERAL.

Two men, both young but very dissimilar in appearance, were making their way through the purlieus of one of London's worst slums. It was a fine, bright morning, and away westward towards Piccadilly and in Hyde Park the cheerful influence of the warm glowing sunlight was very apparent in the smiling faces and light dresses of the gay throngs who passed up and down the broad streets, pausing every new and then to glance into the shop windows, or to exchange greetings with acquaintances. London was all alive then with light and bustle and pleasant excitement, for the commencement of the season was actually at hand and everything seemed to point to an exceptionally brilliant one. But here things were very different; here the dancing sunlight could do little towards chasing away the gloom and squalidness of the narrow streets and filthy courts. Nay, into some of them it could scarcely penetrate at all, and where it did it shone with a ghastly light on things that were better left in darkness, on the vice-stained, brutal faces of shocking, lounging men, on women from whose hard brazen faces all the grace and charm of womanhood seemed stamped out; on children with the pinched, withered countenances of old men. Yet something of its influence had penetrated even here. The men dragged themselves to the doors of their miserable houses and smoked their pipes in stolid silence on the threshold; the children strayed from the fetid courts into the open streets to play, and the toilers in the attics opened wide their windows, and looking up to the blue sky forgot for a moment their weary struggle for existence and dreamed of other days—dreamed of hawthorn-covered hedges, of a soft pure air laden with the homely perfume of new-mown hay and meadow flowers, of the low, soothing music of murmuring streams, and of the sweet clamor of joyous birds. Dreams! all dreams! A weak, shrill cry, or a hoarse shout from the bare room behind breaks in upon them, and they are gone—crumbled to pieces like a tottering wall, leaving only the dust of memory to taste another page to tortured existence. Dreams in the precious hours of daylight with starving mouths to fill, and a pile of neglected work at her feet! She feels guilty, this worn, haggard woman, as she turns her back to the window, with its deluding mirage of sunlight and sweet breezes and delicate perfumes, and sends again with aching eyeballs, in which a hot tear is burning, over the coarse work which her stiff fingers can scarcely clutch. A fearful, a hideous place this great city, with its ghastly incongruities, its lights and shades, of barbaric splendor, of insensate luxury, of gay pleasure-seekers dragging their jaded senses from one form of delight to another, each more costly than the last, while sheltered by the same sky, in the radius of the same city, a starvation and disease-stricken throng eke out a common gift—their life—in the frantic, feverish struggle for their daily bread. God have mercy upon those others—for they will need it. If ever the millennium, the golden age of sociology, a practical communism shall spring into life, what will they think of us, the men and women of those days? Imagination can scarcely supply an answer!

* * *

To one of the two young men his surroundings were strange; to the other they were very familiar. The one, therefore, walked steadily on with a shocked expression in his handsome face, and with the careless air of trying not to look about him. The other, on the contrary, appeared perfectly at his ease, and looked about him, frequently throwing keen, observant glances out of his bright eyes into the faces of the little knots of men who lounged about outside the public houses and at the street corners. The taller, Bernard Alceston, in his deep mourning, a noticeable figure anywhere, looked as completely out of his element and incongruous with his surroundings as a man well could do; the latter, Stephen Thornton, journalist, Bohemian, and as he was fond of styling himself, adventurer, might have passed through the whole of Whitechapel without attracting a single glance.

"Is the place we are going to in a part of bad as this?" Lord Alceston asked, with a little shudder.

"No, I don't think it is quite," his companion answered. "Brown street is quite on the outskirts of this region. But there are parts of London worse than this, you know—much worse."

"I shouldn't have believed it possible."

Thornton smiled, a little bitterly.

"No, I daresay not," he answered. "You are born and bred in selfishness, you aristocrats. You never take the trouble to look outside the little world in which you live! Why should you? Love, if there's a hell, how it will be peopled with those of your class."

Lord Alceston shrugged his shoulders. He had known Thornton for many years and was used to such talk from him.

"Radical as ever, Steve," he remarked.

"Ay, my lord, as Radical as ever. Radical, Communist, Socialist, Nihilist—what you will!"

"Not so bad as that, Steve, I think," Lord Alceston answered, laying his hand for a moment on the other's shoulder. "You would make yourself out an ogre, whereas I know you to be one of the tenderest-hearted men alive."

"Not so bad! Alceston, I tell you this," Thornton answered almost roughly. "I'd rather, a thousand times rather, be born and branded as the very worst of these than be what you are."

"We'll change the subject I think," Lord Alceston suggested.

"Agreed. You think this bad, do you?" Thornton continued, glancing around, "I don't know what you would say if you came here at night then. The place is asleep now. Towards midnight it will wake up, and then if you like it's a night to make a man feel sick. But, I forgot. What do you care about such things—and here we are in Brown street. The Rising Sun is about a couple of hundred yards up on the other side of the road."

They passed at the corner, and Lord Alceston looked around him. The street into which they had turned was much wider and the houses less squalid than in the neighborhood which they had just quitted. But it was still a miserable locality. Tens of thousands of semi detached houses were smoke-begrimed and blackened with dirt, and their dreary appearance was heightened by the circumstance of bare handful of earth or gravel in front of each—courtesy could not call it a garden—and the broken railings. The street itself was strewn with the refuse from the greengroceers' shops, which seemed to be at every corner not occupied by a public house. There was a dreary, poverty-stricken appearance about the whole place—the very quintessence of suburban na-tiness. To Lord Alceston, who was no stranger in cities and who had spent most of his time either in the country or in the most picturesque of continental towns, its ugliness was a painful revelation. He always looked back upon that walk with feelings almost of horror.

A little way down the street, as though to put the finishing touch to the dreariness of the scene, a humble funeral cortege stood waiting. Thornton saw it and stopped suddenly.

"We're too late," he said quietly, knitting his brows. That is the Rising Sun where that hearse is standing. Evidently they are burying her to-day."

Lord Alceston looked across the road with a heavy frown. He was young and unused to failure and he had made up his mind that he would look into that dead woman's face. His companion, whose private opinion was that they were on a wild-goose chase, shrugged his shoulders.

"We must bear it philosophically," he said. "By the by, how comes it I wonder, that the parish are not burying her? She left neither friends nor money, it was said, yet someone has evidently undertaken the funeral."

"Suppose we go and enquire?" Lord Alceston suggested, moving forward.

Thornton laid his hand on his arm and checked him.

"No, stay here a minute. They must pass this way, and we can see who is inside. We can make inquiries afterwards."

They stood on the edge of the pavement for nearly five minutes. Then the coffin was carried out and the modest little cavalcade started.

"Go down that street a little way," Thornton said quickly. "You mustn't be seen here at all. It doesn't matter about me, and I shall be able to see who's inside."

Lord Alceston, too, was curious, and he hesitated. But, after all, doubtless it was sound advice. He had better go.

He had scarcely gone a dozen yards down the by-street into which he had turned, when he heard the little procession passing along the top. He had not meant to turn round—in fact, he had made up his mind that he would not—it was a case of impulse triumphing over reason. He turned suddenly back and looked.

He had chosen exactly the right moment. Thornton was standing a little way in the road, as though he had been in the act of crossing and was waiting for the carriages to pass by. But it was not on him that Lord Alceston's eyes rested. Something else there was that had changed his hallucinous, half-careless glance into a rapt breathless gaze, and which had set his heart beating fast and his pulses throbbing. From where he stood he could just distinguish the face of the two people seated side by side in the solitary mourning coach. One, the one nearest to him, was the dark, handsome face of the girl whom he had found in the room with him in Craven street, after his swoon; the other was her father, the man with whom he had traveled up from Dover on the same day.

CHAPTER XIII.

HER LAST VISITOR!

For several moments after the carriage had passed out of sight, Lord Alceston stood still on the pavement lost in astonishment. Then he slowly retraced his steps and met Thornton coming towards him.

"There's something I don't quite understand about this," said the latter, musingly. "The woman is unidentified, friendless, penniless, and without relations, yet she's being buried at someone's expense, and someone who has a bit of money too, for although there was only one morning carriage, everything was turned out in uncommonly nice style—not at all like an East end funeral—and that someone with a very well dressed young lady goes to the funeral too. That seems queer."

"We had better go to the place where they brought her from, the public house, and make inquiries," Lord Alceston suggested. He had recovered from his surprise by this time, and had not yet made up his mind whether he should tell Thornton that he had recognized the occupants of the mourning coach.

"That's exactly what I propose to do," Thornton remarked. "But you mustn't think of coming," he added, as Lord Alceston turned round as though to accompany him.

"And why not?"

"Why not, indeed! Can't you see? Supposing you were recognized, which is not at all unlikely, what would people think about the Earl of Harrowdean being down in these parts making the left-handed inquiries about this unknown murdered woman, and besides you are not fit for this sort of work, Alceston, if you'll excuse my saying so. I should never get any information out of anyone with you at my side listening."

Lord Alceston was a young man who was fond of action, and he by no means liked abandoning the enterprise in this way.

"I'd much rather go with you, Thornton," he protested. "I don't see that I should make much difference."

"I do, and I know more about such matters than you. If I'm to do any good in this matter, Alceston, I must have my own way in this. The best thing you can do is to go home, and I'll come round and see you to-night, and tell you all about it—if there's anything to tell."

Lord Alceston shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Very well, I suppose I must give in," he said. "It's ridiculous to suppose that anyone down here would know me, but—"

"Oh, no, it isn't anything of the sort," Thornton interrupted quickly. "Don't forget that Scotland Yard has some little interest in this matter. I'm not much of a sporting man, but I wouldn't mind betting you long odds that there will be at least one detective hanging round the Rising Sun. Anyone who goes there making even the most casual inquiries about the murdered woman will be a marked man at once. That doesn't matter as far as I'm concerned, because I happen to be a reporter on the D. S. ," but if there is any one in—

"All right, Thornton! I'm afraid you're right. I'll go! But don't forget to look me up to-night."

Thornton nodded, and watched him until he was out of sight; then he crossed the road and entered the Rising Sun. As he had expected, it was nearly full of curious gossipers standing around the bare marble counter and seated on the benches which lined the walls. A very queer collection of human beings they were, too, crowded together in the low, gaudily decorated room, reeking with the vile odors of stale tobacco smoke and gin, which seemed to be the favorite beverage. There were women—such women!—many of them bareheaded, and with something meant for an apron covering their gaudy finery for a dress, they had left their housework and their children to take care of themselves, and were standing there with faces flushed and soddened with drink, talking in shrill, voluble tones what seemed to be some heathenish jargon. And there were men in all degrees of shabbiness—some in rough working garb, others whose shapeless coats and trousers seemed to bespeak a doubtful calling, in the so-dy, cast-off habiliments of quondam respectability. It was very much easier to conceit for an outsider to look upon without a shudder. But Thornton, though his quiet presence round had taken in at once the whole character of the place, sat slowly sipping his brandy and water with all the careless stolidness of a *habitue* of the place. No one there could have guessed that that quiet, insignificant-looking man who sat there with half-closed eyes was listening with sharpened senses and nevertheless replying to every question and answer, to every chance remark and opinion which was handied about around him. He had not asked a single question or betrayed in any way the least curiosity about the subject which was being so fiercely discussed. He had come to the conclusion that he would find in all probability more satisfactory quite still and listening than by asking questions. And he was right.

What he heard soon stimulated an interest which had not previously been very keen. He had read of this murder, and had dismissed it from his mind as one of a certain type with no special features about it. Probably he would have forgotten all about it had it not been for Lord Alceston, an old schoolfellow and fellow-member of a certain Bohemian club, one of whose unwritten rules it was that amongst the members there should be a certain mutual aid society, a give and take of such services as one had it in his power to render the other. Stephen Thornton had a certain notoriety of his own as a powerful leader writer of extreme Radical views, and as a man who, "rara avis, etc.," was very much in earnest about his politics. But apart from this, he was noted as a lover of strange adventures of the genuine Bohemian type, and as a wonderful amateur detective. So, after much troubled thought and deliberation, Lord Alceston, remembering certain services which he had once been able to render this man, went to him at his rooms late on the day of his father's funeral and asked for his aid.

This was the case, he said, briefly put. On the same night, and within a few hours of the time of his father's murder, a nameless woman had been murdered in an obscure part of London. Something there was—he could not say what—which seemed to faintly suggest the idea of some connection between the two murders. He could not take his information to Scotland Yard. Scotland Yard would want to know more than he was willing to tell. This circumstance, slight though it was, was one which he would not on any account risk letting the newspapers get hold of. He would not tell it to Scotland Yard, he would not even tell it to the man whose aid he was asking. That was the case. Would Thornton help him? All he wanted was, if possible, to see the face of the murdered woman and learn something of her antecedents. Alone he knew not how best to set about doing this. Would Thornton help him, by his advice, or in any other way?

Thornton had promised to help readily enough. In his own mind he had at once set the idea down as preposterous. But he had asked no questions, and he had given no opinion. Simply on starting out he had put down their errand as a wild-goose chase, and had felt no interest in it beyond the desire to render a service to his friend.

As he sat in the sanded drinking bar of the Rising Sun, however, his idle curiosity had gone. He began to get interested. This affair had features in it of which he had been ignorant. Most of his previous conclusions were evidently erroneous. He cleared his mind of them and began to consider the matter from an altogether different point of view.

In the first place the woman, notwithstanding her surroundings, notwithstanding her evident poverty, had in one particular always maintained her self-respect. No one there had seen her speak to a man, no one had ever heard her speak of them, save with contempt. Yet on the night of her tragical death three men had visited her, one after another—the first time that such a thing had ever happened; and one of these must have been her murderer. Of no one of them had any accurate description been given. All three were strangers to the neighborhood, and at least two were, at any rate from the landlady's point of view, gentlemen.

The conversation veered round to her appearance and probable antecedents. Concerning the former there were different opinions, the men mostly taking one side and the women the other. But apart from the actual question of good looks, all were agreed upon one point. She was not of their class. Her hands and feet, the poise of her head, and her manner of speech were all commented upon. The latter was almost foreign to them, but they knew the ring of it. She had been a lady, and while she had lived they had hated her for it. Even now, some of the women uttered brutal sneers when they spoke of her, that she had been no better than she should have been, or how had she drifted there, amongst them? Curse her, and the likes of her!

There were endless repetitions, maunderings, and quarrels. Now and then there was a blow struck, and the combatants, screaming and cursing with horrible oaths, were ejected to "have it out" outside. The main subject was sometimes quitted for the retailing of some filthy tale, greeted with fiendish and hideous laughter from the women, but in the end some new arrival always brought it back again into the old channel. And Stephen Thornton sat there still, slowly sipping brandy and water, and with half closed eyes, and hands stuck deep in his pocket, affecting the maudlin state of a half drunken man.

A new comer started a point which Thornton had already labelled in his mind as important. Who was the man who had had her buried? Why hadn't the parish buried her? She had died without money. Who had found the brass for the funeral?

There were plenty ready to answer. It was a man who had come to try and identify her, and had recognized her face as that of a lady whom he had seen once abroad. He did not even know her name, he knew nothing about her in fact. He had been struck with her appearance and had offered to have her buried decently. That was all.

Thornton weighed it over in his mind. Had it been a man of whom he had not known anything, he might after inquiry have believed it. But it so happened that, although he had not mentioned the fact to Lord Alceston, the man in the mourning coach was no stranger to him. He immediately set over deliberately, and he came to this conclusion—that Monsieur de Feurget knew more, much more, about this woman than he chose to tell the world. Perhaps he was one of those three visitors, perhaps even he himself was concerned in the murder. At any rate he was a person to be watched, to be suspected, through whom a clue might eventually be obtained.

The conversation surged on, and every now and then Thornton heard things which interested him. Yes, there was not one there who could say that she or he had ever even exchanged a word beyond the most casual remark with the murdered woman, but there was someone, it seemed, who had been almost friendly with her, who, more than one hinted, knew something of her past and of her real position. At last it was mentioned—Sal Greenwood, and Thornton betrayed the fact of his being a listener by a slight start, which, fortunately for him, no one noticed. Sal Greenwood and Monsieur de Feurget! Here was something to work upon. Thornton's interest was growing rapidly.

The man with the yellow beard and the long coat was brought up and eagerly discussed. Everyone had something to say about him, but they could not agree whether he was drunk or definitely that she had seen him. She had been in the Crown and Thistle when he had entered and she had seen him talking to Betsy Urane, and she had seen him, she declared with a whole string of vehement oaths designed to crush incredulity, about twenty minutes before his arrival at the Crown and Thistle, coming out of a ready made clothes shop at the corner of the street. Her description of him was very much easier to recognize. Urane's. He was short, roughly dressed, with a light, flowing beard, and most of his face smothered up with a blue handkerchief. He had spoken and walked like a gentleman, and had seemed free with his money. She had a great deal more to say, but nothing to the point, and as her information became less and good many little attentions in the way of drinks, her talk soon became maudlin and disconnected, and finally she went to sleep with her head upon one of the bare deal tables.

Presently a woman seeing that Thornton's eyes were wide open, came and seated herself beside him. With an effort he overcame his instinctive repulsion and did not discourage her presence. There was something which he wished to find out and which he would ask. He even answered her coarse greeting in kind, and made room for her on the bench.

"Any objections to a drink wi' yer, guvnor!" she inquired engagingly.

"No, I'll stand you one," he answered roughly. "I'll have another myself, too. It's dry work listening to all this gabble."

The drinks were ordered and brought. While his companion sipped hers approvingly, Thornton looked her over. She was only an ordinary woman of her class, with a stupid sensual face, without a single gleam of intelligence. There was no risk in questioning her, he decided.

"Did you know this woman they're making such a fuss about?" he commenced.

"No, nor didn't want to. A—stuck up wench she was."

"Seems a rum 'un that she shouldn't have had a single pal," he remarked.

"She 'ad. She used to go and see Sall Greenwood. I've seen 'em together."

"Who's she? Is she here?"

"Here! not she! She's too fine to come to such like place. She's a——little French tailoress, that's what she is, in Crane's court."

He had got what he wanted now, and his only anxiety was to get rid of the woman beside him. He feigned to return again to his semi-somnolent state, and half closed his eyes. But she did not go. Presently he felt her hot, foul breath close upon his cheek, and immediately afterwards a tug at his pocket-handkerchief. He let it go, hoping to get rid of her, but he was disappointed. Instead she commenced softly feeling for his watch. He shook her off, and sat up.

The dull red angry color flushed into her cheeks. She had had too much to drink, and was inclined to be quarrelsome.

"It's my belief as you was only a shamming," she cried, angrily. "You ain't been to sleep at all. You're a——spy, that's what you are. I've been a watching o' yer. I say, you chaps," she cried out at the top of her voice, "here's a nobbler 'ere. Look at 'im. He's been a shamming sleep, that's what he's been a doi'ng. He's a——spy, a——nobbler."

There was a low howl of drunken rage from a dozen throats, and shrill shrieks from the women. They made at him like wild beasts. The tables were overthrown, the woman who had pointed him out missed her footing and was trampled underfoot. But when they looked for Stephen Thornton he had vanished.

(To be Continued.)

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She—Everything.

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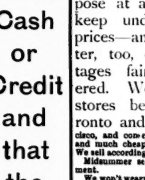

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My Village Poetess.

(Written for Saturday Night by J. D. Click.)

I very seldom go to church—not that I am such a very bad young man, but I always feel so tired out on Saturday night that on Sunday morning I am rather too fond of my bed to rise any earlier than ten o'clock, and of course, then, it is a matter of no breakfast and church, of no church or no breakfast, and I am ashamed to say that the natural man generally triumphs over the spiritual. Why am I so tired on Saturday night? Well, that is a pertinent question and the answer is briefly this. I live in a somewhat rural Canadian town (that does not sound like hard work, does it?) and am, in the estimation of its inhabitants, one of the most important citizens. This last statement sounds stuck up, but I can not help that, it is a fact, and as a fact accounts for much of my labor, as perhaps you will better understand if I give a short summary of my various duties. I am postmaster, telegraph operator and express agent for the town; also editor of the *Weekly Clarion*, cashier, teller, manager and sole proprietor of the savings bank, president of the debating club, (which meets every Saturday at 8 p.m.) and study medicine in my spare hours. Does this not excuse me from church on Sunday? Why don't I go in the evening? Ah, you are quick, you would make a good member for our debating society, but you see as I do have an evening service. And now after these few preliminary remarks I will proceed with my story.

As I was sitting one fine May morning in my general office, hastily scribbling an article on Honest Subscribers for the next issue of the *Clarion*, (guaranteed circulation 350), I was interrupted by the advent of the town message boy, who handed me a letter bearing on the envelope the simple legend For the Editor. The handwriting was a lady's, that was evident, but did any one ever see such beautiful graceful curves as displayed in those few words, and did ever an editor have his title spelled with such an easy flowing yet artistic E?

I stopped in the middle of my article, an unusual thing for me to do, to open the letter and was more astonished by the contents than I could ever have been by the envelope. Neatly folded inside was a sheet of tinted note paper, and on it inscribed in the same beautiful characters were the following words:

"For Publication:

THE UNION THAT IS STRENGTH.

'Union is strength,' the proverb says,
But unions are not all the same,
True some are strong, not more are weak,
Some are for honest, more for shame.

There is a union far more strong
Than sword with sword or hand with hand,
A union of a sobler sort
That in its strength will ever stand.

It is a union God doth bless,
A union that none can part,
A union of the mind with mind,
A union of the heart with heart."

I was astonished, to put it mildly. Never before had I received as editor of the *Weekly Clarion* such a meritorious composition as this; it was a wonderful production for our little town. True, I had occasionally been favored with poetical effusions, and had occasionally printed them, but compared with this they were "out of sight," as the expressive slang so aptly puts it. Of course I would publish it; and in next week's *Clarion* on the front page, in the place of honor, it appeared, with the polite request that the author would communicate with the editor, as he had a position for her on his staff (which at that time consisted of myself and the printer), but the request elicited no response, and I heard no more of my lovely poetess for some months, when I was once more handed a letter by the town messenger addressed in the same beautiful text as before, "To the editor." Before I could stop the boy to question him he was off, and would pay no attention to my loud hallos for his return, so not attempting to follow him I tore open the envelope and read as follows:

"For publication:

MY WISH.

"There is one wish I have,
One longing soul-deep,
One which my every thought and deed
With resolve doth inspire.
And so for this I pray,
To God in heaven above,
That he might grant my heart to say
Those two sweet words, 'I love.'"

Once more I was astonished, and determined to find the author who thus desired "to love." I hastened to the favorite resort of the town message boy, a neighboring hostelry; but Fortune frowned, the youth was not there. I next betook myself to his home. This time I was more successful, for as I approached I perceived the object of my search seated on the door step whittling a piece of stick and softly humming a popular air. As soon as he saw me he pocketed his knife and stopped humming, and with an air of great importance and condescension inquired, "Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so. Can you tell me who it was wrote that letter you brought me to day?"

As I spoke I noticed a comical grin steal over his face as much as to say, "Now, wouldn't you like to know?" and his answer, "I guess it's none of your'n or my business who wrote it," settled me in suspicion that he knew, but about it but did not wish to tell; anyway, I had discovered someone who was not over-awed with the importance of my position in the town, so I resorted to bribery.

"It would mean ten cents to you if you tell me," I said.

Immediately his face sobered up and in a tone of wonderful earnestness he replied, "No, sir, she made me promise I wouldn't, and I won't; no, not for ten dollars."

With this rebuke I walked off a none the wiser but much more interested man. Who could be the angel that had so worked upon the temper of this ragamuffin as to make him refuse a bribe of ten cents and declare himself unopen for one of even ten dollars? Never since I had been a sojourner on this mundane sphere had I before known a boy to refuse ten cents, no matter how precious the information was that he had to give for it. The mystery was deepening, but I had determined to solve it and I would.

The following day was the Sabbath. About 10 15 I awoke, and after failing asleep and awaking again several times, I at last rose from my couch about half an hour later. As I dressed I watched, at a respectable distance from the window, the people on their way to morning service. I was just putting the finishing touch to my necktie when I noticed on the other side of the street a seemingly beautiful young lady, with a Bible under her arm, proceeding towards the little Methodist chapel. As I looked a thought like a lightning flash passed through my mind. "That is my poetess!" and the more I thought the more the idea impressed itself upon me. With a dash I almost threw myself into my coat and waistcoat, put on my hat and hurried out of the door. There she was, some little distance in front of me, and with bounding heart I followed in her steps. Just as she reached the church I caught up with her and following her in took up my seat just immediately in front of her. As the congregation gathered and only a solitary old woman entered the pew where she sat, I thought that Providence was surely aiding me. The pastor, a long, thin man, about six feet two, with a red nose (caused by auburn, no doubt), began the service by a lengthy and somewhat eloquent prayer, in which with a nasal twang that betrayed his nationality, he pleaded for everything imaginable, including, of course, a large collection. Then in the same musical tone he announced "Hymn number 3—68 brethren," with a long stop to use his pocket handkerchief between the 3 and the 68. To my great delight as I stood up to sing I could find no hymn book, but was thrilled with pleasure at the sound of a sweet voice behind me saying, "Would you like a hymn book, sir?" and as I turned round to accept the proffered book I got my first glance of that sweet face which so shortly after decided my eternal happiness. Ah, I can never forget the impression it made on me. So refined yet so sweet, so earnest yet so tender; the expressive brown eyes, the delicately shaped nose, and the inviting, dainty little mouth, all combined to fill my heart with an indescribable pleasure and an overwhelming love. At first I was dazed, but as I returned to myself I found to my dismay that I had forgotten her name was within there; but, no, only a few shorthand notes. Yet, stay! might not they afford some clue? Ah, how glad I am I ever learned shorthand, for there on that page I read these words:

"That he might grant my heart to say,
Those two sweet words, 'I love.'"

WINNIFRED L. HASTINGS."

I just finished deciphering this in time to join with my poetess in the triumphant Hallelujah that closed Hymn 368. Before, I had hoped; now, I was convinced. Little I heard of the rest of that service; my time was taken up with thinking and stealing glances at My Poetess, as I now fondly called her to myself. Church over, the people made their way out, only to find it pouring rain. Some had umbrellas, and some lived near by, but My Poetess stood, without umbrella or waterproof, wondering what to do. Now was my opportunity. Stepping up to her almost tremblingly, I said: "Allow me to get you an umbrella," and then, not waiting for a reply, I hurried off to get one. Soon I returned, and to my great joy she was still standing there, evidently waiting for me. As I approached, she said: "It is very kind of you, and I a stranger too. Thank you so much."

"Not at all—a pleasure, I assure you," I murmured. And then, "now please let me see you home."

With a gracious "thank you" she assented, and holding the umbrella above her, I proceeded with her down the steps and along the street. As we walked I told her who I was, and what I had discovered in the hymn book she so kindly lent me, and with many blushes she acknowledged her identity with the poetess. Shortly after I met her again and learned that she was an orphan, and had been badly treated by her relations whom she had deserted and taken refuge from in this little town of S——; that she had some five hundred dollars a year of her own on which she was depending, but was awfully lonely.

Five years have rolled by since I wrote those last words, now I take my pen to finish a story which I left rather incomplete. On the table before me lies a little Methodist hymn book open at number 368. On the rocking chair by the fire sits Winnie singing to sleep our little brown-eyed Charlie, with a sweet lullaby of her own composition, (for you know Winnifred always did write poetry); by her side plays little Winnie, a miniature of her mother in form, God grant she may be also in character. To-morrow is Sunday and we are going to church, for I am no more wearied with labor on Saturday evenings; my work has been rewarded; I have made a nice little sum and now am taking life rather easier than when you first met me, now in the role of a country physician. But, as I think I said, my wife still writes poetry and one of her last poems ended thus:

"And so with gratitude I thank my God
For granting me 'to love' and 'to be loved.'"

Most Intense.

Mrs. E. Harwood, 23 Moss Side, Blackburn, London, Eng., suffered a long time with acute sciatica. The pain was most intense, and she was unable to obtain relief until she applied St. Jacobs Oil four times, when she was completely cured.

Humors of a Public Library.

Emerson says, "If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read"; and so it has been proved that where reading is followed as a recreation or amusement, a good estimate of the man's character may be formed if one only has the opportunity to take note of the books the reader chooses for perusal. To one with a keen observation of character, and a wish to study the many frailties and failings of human nature, few better subjects of study could be found than those presented by the attenders of a Public Free Library. There may be seen all classes of society, from the humblest laborer to the highly cultured professor.

The suave and gentle-mannered maiden of sixteen summers, she soured old maid of sixty, the "meek and mild" theological student, the old and crusty antiquarian, all meet and find their common level in this truly socialistic institution.

Having had a long experience in one of the largest provincial institutions of this kind, and, consequently, being one to whose lot it has chanced to meet daily "all sorts and conditions of men," the writer feels qualified to speak with some assurance of the various moods and temperaments of the great British public. Many are the rebuffs the library assistant has to endure, he being, in most cases, a servant of the corporation or of the local governing powers, and consequently greatly at the mercy of the irate "ratepayer," whose complaints, should they reach headquarters, would certainly mean a stringent inquiry into the conduct of the erring official.

It is an old adage amongst librarians that "a good cataloguer will try to put himself in the place of the seeker," that is, a person who brings ordinary intelligence to bear upon the catalogue, but who has not, necessarily, any technical knowledge. But even though the cataloguer bring everything down to the comprehension of the most obtuse, he invariably finds there yet remains a book loving dullard who seeks to blunder still. In the requests of illiterate people some most amusing instances of common ignorance are exhibited, and it is no unusual occurrence to be asked for Autograph on the Breakfast Table, David Copperfield's Shop of Curiosities, Jane's Heirs (Jane Eyre), Dante's Infernal Comedy, Account of Monte Cristo, and on a small boy's list, Ive and Ho (Ivanhoe). The Casterways, and the Scottish Cheeves.

Edna Lyall's We Two has been transformed into You and I, and there was also encountered Darwin's Indecent Man and Lumb's Essays by Eliza. It was evident there had been considerable neglect in the classical education of the young man who wanted the works of Harry Stoffle, but he is quite entitled to rank with the young Grecian who was anxious to become acquainted with the works of Demmos Theenes. Who has a trained librarian would guess that the mystic words Doors Dant if properly translated meant a request for the Divine Comedy of Dante, illustrated by the celebrated French artist Dore.

One cannot see why anyone should find the works of Professor Drummond particularly hard to remember; yet only a short time ago a lady insisted upon calling The Greatest Thing in the World The Biggest Thing on Earth, and the professor's later work, Pax Vobiscum, has been translated to Packs for Biscomb.

It is not improbable that some of these cases will appear quite incredible to the reader, yet they are only common instances of the blunders which take place daily in a large public library. It is a noteworthy fact that comparatively few library barrowers are acquainted with the works of Shakespeare, but prefer modern fiction of the "shocker" type to the beauties of the Bard of Avon. It may be accounted for in some way that their tastes are probably similar to those of the youth of twenty who told us "he was sick of Shakespeare; why couldn't he write English instead of indulging in that *thee* and *thou* business?" The following anecdote came to the writer from across the "Freezing pond" and though the authenticity of it cannot be vouched for, it nevertheless illustrates an amusing incident in public library life:

At one of the libraries in Cincinnati a young woman walked up to the desk and said "Give me a good shaking."

The young man blushed to the roots of his hair, and, after a moment's hesitation, pulled himself together sufficiently to stammer: "Er—er—who is it by?"

"George Macdonald, I think," came the answer.

Then he hustled round for a time and at last found out that what she wanted was "A Rough Shaking." The young man's nerves were unstrung for the rest of the day.

Captain—What's that you've got, O'Hara?
Roundsman O'Hara—Socoiety as Oi hov found it, sorr.—*Life.*

Wabash Line.

The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chicago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. Finest sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and time tables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Girls and Flowers.

A genial old gentleman was buying violets from the flower girl on Broadway. "Well, I'm getting to be a pretty old customer, eh, Katie?" he observed, as he arranged the flowers in the lapel of his overcoat.

"You've been buyin' flowers a good many years, sir, but you're not old yet," replied Katie, with the shrewd flattery of her sex. "I like to see a gentleman wear flowers, especially a middle-aged gentleman. That shows his heart ain't growin' old, an' it shows he likes what's sweet an' clean. I notice a lot of gentlemen lose their grip in that way when they get along."

"How do you mean they lose their grip, Katie?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, they get over carin' for vi'lets when they get married an' has families," replied the flower girl. "I see a lot of young fellows dressed up fine, goin' along here for a few years, an' they all wear flowers in their coats. They are all bright, just like the flower, and you can't help likin' em for it. That's when they're masters an' when the girls care for 'em. Then they get married, an' the first thing they drop is the flowers from their coats. That takes away all their brightness, an' then it does seem as if they go sort of dusty, an' as if their hats were old or not brushed. Once in a while, though, a gentleman gets married an' grows a little old, an' still he buys vi'lets, like you do, sir. Then I think he must be a nicer sort of man than the rest, an' probably is very happy at home with a good wife an' children."

The old gentleman blushed and hemmed and hawed.

"Humph! Haw—what's the price of those roses, Katie? They look very fresh."

"Two dollars a dozen, sir, and they're fresh out this morning."

"Humph! Haw—well, pick out two dozen nice ones and send them to my wife. Here! This is my card. Good morning, Katie."

"That's a nice gentleman," said Katie to herself, as the customer walked away. "I guess I reminded him of his wife, though. That's the way with the best of 'em. They never forget their own buttercups, but they think a woman don't need any more roses after her hair begins to get gray."

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You have a beautiful sail across the lake by the staunch steamer Empress of India, which leaves Geddes' wharf at 3.40 p.m. daily, except Sundays, connecting with the Erie Railway solid train from Fort Dalhousie, costing only $9.40; Toronto to New York, round trip, $18.20. You can also leave via Grand Trunk at 1.10 p.m., 5.05 p.m. and 11 p.m. On the 4.55 p.m. train the Erie run a handsome vestibule Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For tickets and full information apply to agents Empress of India and Grand Trunk. S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

As Seen by Unaccustomed Eyes.

Pat (politely accosting lady with fashionable trailing skirt)—Mum, I beg pardon, but hadn't yez beither give yure suspenders a hitch?—*Judge.*

A Great Disappointment.

Kind Gentleman—What's the matter, Bubby?
Bubby—Boo, hoo! They was a picnic yesterday, an' I wouldn't go because I thort they wouldn't have nothin' nice ter eat.
Did they?
Yes, boo, hoo! I jus' heard they had so much ice-cream an' cake that they was all sick, boo, hoo!—*Good News.*

Hors de Combat.

Deacon—Will your father take the Sunday school class to-day, Willie?
William—Nope.
Deacon—Father under the weather, Willie?
William—Nope; he was under the bed when I left home. He had a dispute about Solomon and ma had the flat-iron.

Where Freedom Shines.

Foreigner—This may be a free country, but I don't see that the freedom has any effect on the people. Such a patient, meek, subdued lot of humanity I never saw in my life. I should think a free-born American would act as if he were monarch of all he surveyed.

Native—Wait until you see a passenger-car brakeman who expects soon to be a conductor.

An Electric Wedding.

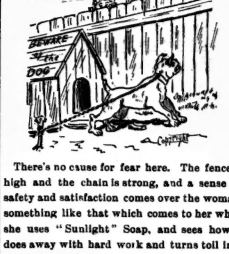
A recent wedding in America was the cause of a novel experiment. No sooner had the invited guests been comfortably seated at table than the room burst into a flood of light from numerous varicolored incandescent electric lamps hidden among the decorations. The entrance of the bride and bridegroom was welcomed by the automatic ringing of electric bells and the playing of electrical musical instruments.

After the first course the room was plunged into semi-darkness, when suddenly, from the floral decorations upon the table, there glowed tiny electric lamps. Not only the flowers, but the interior of the translucent vases in which some of them were gathered, scintillated with flashes of light.

After a while a miniature electric lamp which in some unexplained manner had attached itself to the bride's hair, was seen to glow with dazzling brightness. Cigars and coffee were served and the cigars were lighted by an electric lighter, while coffee was prepared in full view of the company by an electric heater.

The speeches that were made were liberally applauded by an electric kettledrum placed under the table. As the company dispersed, the electric current set off a novel pyrotechnic display, amidst the crimson glare of which the festivities ended.

Out of Harm's Way



There's no cause for fear here. The fence is high and the chain is strong, and a sense of safety and satisfaction comes over the woman, something like that which comes to her when she uses "Sunlight" Soap, and sees how it does away with hard work and turns toil into ease. Then she is safe in the knowledge that this Soap cannot harm the tenderest skin or finest fabric. For purity it has no equal. Try it.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

Makes Hard Water Soft.
Makes White Clothes Whiter.
Makes Flannels Soft and Clean.
Makes Fruit Stains Vanish.
Makes Tin Like Silver.
Makes Paint Like New.
Makes Glassware Brilliant.
Makes Earthenware Spotless.
Makes Windows Like Crystal.
Makes Baths and Sinks Clean and Bright.

THE ONLY ARTICLE THAT WILL CLEAN ZINC.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS AND SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

HAVE YOU TENDER FEET?
IF YOU HAVE
Flett's Foot Powders
WILL CURE THEM
FLETT'S DRUG STORE
482 Queen Street West, Toronto

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The most popular regiment

SCOURINE

The most popular soap

For cleaning and polishing military accoutrements, band instruments and everything pertaining to a soldier.

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The ladies all know it. Use it and have your servants use it.

ASK YOUR GROCER

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Best Stock in the City at

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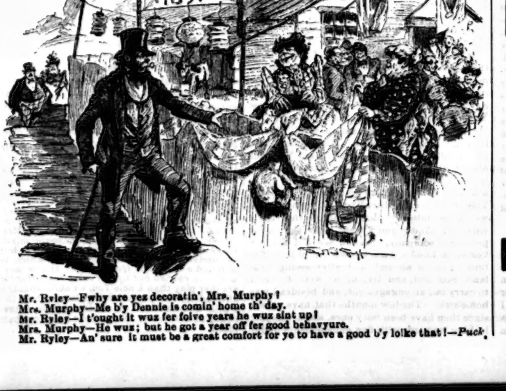
The Prodigal's Return



Mr. Ryley—Fwhy are yes decoratin', Mrs. Murphy?
Mrs. Murphy—Me b'y Dannie is comin' home th' day.
Mr. Ryley—I t'ought it wuz for foive years he wuz sint up!
Mrs. Murphy—He wuz; but he got a year off fer good behayvure.
Mr. Ryley—An' sure it must be a great comfort for ye to have a good b'y lolke that!—*Puck.*

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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TELEPHONE No. 1709.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

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Our Christmas Number Prize Competitions.

THE fame of SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number is too well established to require any previous words of description. As in the past, the number now in preparation will be Canada's choicest literary and artistic production for the year, and all the leading *litterateurs* and artists of the Dominion will be represented in its pages. In accordance with the custom as established last year, SATURDAY NIGHT will again endeavor to discover and encourage amateur talent by two prize story competitions.

For the best short story of not more than four thousand words, or less than two thousand, a first prize of $30 will be given. For second best a prize of $20, and for third best a prize of $10. The scenes of these stories must be Canadian, and all MSS. submitted to the editors will become the property of this paper; but those which do not receive a prize will, if published, be paid for at regular rates.

For the best children's story, to consist of not less than fifteen hundred or more than twenty-five hundred words, $20 will be paid, and for second best, $10.

For the best poem, not to consist of more than twenty lines, $10 will be given.

These prizes are not large, and are simply intended to develop a few more contributors to Canadian literature.

The publishers do not make themselves responsible for any manuscript submitted for their inspection, and the following rules must be observed: All manuscripts are to be written legibly on one side of a half-sheet of foolscap and in ink or by the typewriter. A *nom de plume* should be signed to the manuscript, and a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer and bearing on the outside the same *nom de plume* as the manuscript, must accompany it. All manuscripts intended for this competition, if not marked "Prize Competition," will be treated as regular contributions to our weekly edition.

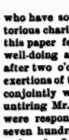
In addition to the literary excellence of this year's Christmas Number, it is desired to make the illustrations as interesting as possible to Canadian readers. To obtain this the publishers draw attention to a photographic competition, hitherto unattempted by a Canadian publication.

For the best photograph of a Canadian winter scene, $15 will be given; and for the best photograph of a Canadian summer scene $10 will be paid. Competitors must give the locality of the scene and the month in which the picture was taken, and follow the same rules as to *nom de plume*, etc., as are detailed above.

Also for the best photograph of a Canadian girl or child a prize of $15 will be given, and for second best $10 will be paid. The names of the persons photographed will not be given and the pictures will be reproduced and idealized by the best processes that money can procure.

To rank in any of these competitions everything must be on hand before October 1, and as those stories and poems first received must necessarily be most carefully read, competitors are advised to send them in as soon as possible.

Saturday Night's Fresh Air Excursion.



AST Monday's excursion on the Eurydice was the seventeenth excursion under the auspices of the Fresh Air Fund, and it was of especial interest to SATURDAY NIGHT'S readers, as the expenses of it were paid by those of them who have so liberally subscribed to this meritorious charity. The modest representative of this paper felt a proper sense of pleasure in well-doing as he stepped on board, shortly after two o'clock, knowing as he did that the exertions of the paper to which he was attached conjointly with those of the big-hearted and untiring Mr. Kelso and his band of workers, were responsible for the joyousness of the seven hundred mothers, children and babies on board. Later on, when he lent a hand in filling the mugs with milk and distributing the biscuits, his sense of virtuous benevolence reached its climax. The excursion lasted just three hours and ten minutes, and, despite the coolness of the day, was delightful. The steamer Eurydice embarked at twenty minutes past two and steamed slowly as far as Lorne Park, when without landing it returned to the city. The little folks and mothers were chiefly from the south-western part of the city, and the boys only numbered about one quarter of the whole excursion. Boys are in the habit of knocking round the wharves and on the whole get a good many more cubic inches of fresh air than their mothers and sisters, and for this reason, which commends itself to all subscribers to the fund, more attention is paid to the comfort of the female sex. On board the Eurydice the girls and mothers were upon the upper deck while the boys were kept below hatches, which arrangement reacted to the enjoyment of all. Forty-eight gallons of milk were drunk, this milk having been generously donated by Clark Bros., who, by the way, donate all the milk used on these excursions, while many other local tradesmen have shown the same benevolent spirit of charity. Another thing noticed was the cleanliness and decency of apparel of all, though, as usual, the girls showed the most love for finery. On the whole SATURDAY NIGHT never saw seven hundred happier people, and it is to be hoped that its readers will enable it to call many more such excursions its own.

Music.

DEAR METRONOME,—Permit me to thank you for the kind remarks on the Tonic Solfa system, which appeared in your column last Saturday. It is always gratifying to know that our efforts are appreciated. While the Tonic Solfa system is doing much to popularize music among the masses, there is still a large number of people who have no definite idea of its objects and are in doubt as to the wisdom of introducing a system which differs so materially from those in ordinary use. Knowing the interest you take in all efforts to make the people sing, I take the liberty of submitting a few lines on the subject which may prove of interest to the readers of your entertaining column.

The time has passed for a Tonic Solfaist to apologize for the "faith that is in him;" the results of the method are so palpable to any ordinary observer that any apology is now altogether superfluous. Rather have we cause to be proud of a system which teaches "one thing at a time, the thing before the *sign*, and the easy before the difficult" points which every teacher will recognize as being the very soul of pedagogy. All true musicians aim at teaching the thing—music. Notation is simply so many arbitrary signs, and the simpler these are the more attention can the student bestow on the *thing*—music.

We claim that the Tonic Solfa notation gives pupils these requirements: It gives the maximum of music with the minimum of notation; has one sign for one thing, and all signs of the most simple character, hence the student is never in doubt as to the tone required or its duration. Small wonder then at the marvelous success which has attended the introduction of the method whenever it has had a fair trial; at schools made resonant with song, church choirs reinforced, homes made happier and lives made brighter. Who can estimate the immense influence for good the school teachers of Toronto are exerting on our future citizens by means of the ordinary school singing lessons, which, alas, are often so little valued by the parents? As if the child were to be taught nothing but what is necessary to mere existence, making of man a mere wage-earning machine and ignoring the fact that he has also an immortal soul.

Is it surprising that so many of our young people go astray and seek their recreation in the saloon and other questionable amusements, when all their school life has been passed in a mere drudgery of preparing to "earn a living without any preparation for employing that leisure without which health cannot be maintained! Think of the refining influence exerted by music, and its value will be apparent, for

> Of all the hearts beneath the Heaven,
> That man has found, or God has given,
> None bears the soul so clear away
> As music's soothing, refining sway.
>
> None, none!

The founder of the system adopted as his motto, "We aim to make all the people and their children sing, and to sing for noble ends." This is our object. We aim at cultivating the ears and voices of our pupils from their earliest childhood so that they will never remember a time when they did not sing. By those who enter our public schools we find that 98 per cent. are capable of being taught to sing, so that the common excuse, "I cannot sing," or "I have no voice," simply indicates want of training when the musical faculties of such pupils are most susceptible of development, rather than lack of ability.

ALEX'R T. CRINGAN.

Toronto, July 17, 1891.

The above letter was crowded out of last week's issue, and I am glad that a paucity of musical news this week makes it possible to insert Mr. Cringan's appeal. This gentleman has been fighting the battle of Sol-fa in Toronto for five years, and I think he may congratulate himself on the victories he has won. When the war began I ranged myself on the side of the staff notationists, chiefly because I could not see the sense of learning French in order to speak English, which seemed to me to be about as logical as learning Sol-fa in order to become a better staff reader. All men are likely to form decided opinions and some are likely to have a change of view forced upon them by the logic of facts. I have changed mine in consequence of what I have seen in the schools and in my own family as a result of the Sol-fa work. When a child forms an immediate mental conclusion—and a correct one at that—of the pitch of any note indicated by a sign, all the while never losing mental sight of the key note, the system which accomplishes such results cannot be far wrong. The practical effect cannot be gainsayed, and I freely admit that I am a partial convert to Sol-fa.

*

I believe in giving everybody a chance to sing, and I know that more singers will be made by the aid of Sol-fa than by any of the staff methods. By "singers," I mean those who will sing because they can read a mode of music notation, not vocally trained singers. That there are good staff methods cannot be denied, but the results are not as great or as prompt as by the Sol-fa. Much of this may be due to the enthusiasm which Sol-fa evokes from those who come under its influence, and to the fact that this enthusiasm makes good teachers. In this case, the explanation becomes an argument in favor of Sol-fa. Unfortunately there is a doubt as to the thorough honesty of purpose of the Sol-faists in the matter of teaching the transition to the staff method. They are only human beings after all, and human nature is opposed to eventually teaching what you have been warring against. The course of Sol-fa books I see here includes the transition, and time will show how truly and how efficiently this will be taught. The staff notation is a universal language, and without the power of reading this language most of the music in the world is a sealed book, and those who are entrusted with the direction of our schools must keep a watchful eye on this very point.

The English musical journals still make reference to the vexed question of Trinity College, Toronto, musical degrees, granted *in absentia*. Eminent counsel have given an opinion that Trinity College has by its charter the power to grant degrees in this wise. I believe the Privy Council declined to act, as requested by the English universities, in the direction of preventing Trinity from granting her musical degrees to Englishmen who wrote for the exams. in England, and suggested that the universities who felt themselves aggrieved might proceed against Trinity in the law courts. This has not been done, but I also believe that Trinity has for the present concluded not to hold any more examinations in England.

*

I have had some enquiries as to why the Canadian College of Organists did not meet this year. I am a little surprised that this much fought-over organization has missed its annual meeting, but I fancy the reason is that so many of its chief officers are away in Europe. I do not fear that Mr. F. H. Torrington will let this pet child of his die of inanition. It would not be like him.

*

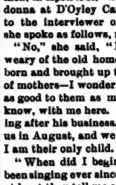
Mr. Abbey has a magnificent slate for his opera company which opens at the Chicago Auditorium on November 17. It will visit only the larger cities and I am afraid that Toronto will not see them. The company at present arranged for includes Albani, Lehmann, Eames, Pettigiani, Sofia Ravagli, Mathilde Bauermeister, Ida Klein, Marie Vanzandt, Sofia Scalchi, Jane Devigne, and Julia Ravagli as soprani and contralti. The tenori are: Fernando Valero, Gianni Griffoni, Paul Kalisch, Victor Capoul, Robert Vanni, Rinaldini, Jean De Reszke; the baritones, Antonio Magini, Coletti, Jean Mathieu, Augustino Carbone, Edvardo Camera; and the bassi, Jules Vinche, Enrico Serbelim, Lodovico Viviani, Antonio Devascheppi, and Edourado de Reszke. The repertoire consists of no fewer than thirty-two operas, six of which, Mignon, Lakme, Le Prophete, Carmen, Faust, Romeo and Juliet, will be given in French. Three of the operas will be new to the American public. They are Cavalleria Rusticana, by Mascagni, Reyer's Sigurd, and Gluck's Orfeo.

*

I understand that Mr. Cossitt, of Messrs. Mason and Risch, has been appointed organist of Bond street Congregational church.

METRONOME.

The Drama.



MONG the group of young ladies who during the last two seasons became the favorites of Toronto theater-goers, none was more sweet and modest than Leonore Snyder of the Duff Opera Company. She has visited Toronto but three times, and her last appearance here was as Michaela, in Carmen, in April last. She is now the new prima donna at D'Oyley Carte's Savoy Theater, and to the interviewer of the *Pall Mall Gazette* she spoke as follows, recently:

"No," she said, "I shall never forget or weary of the old home at Indianapolis. I was born and brought up there. Mother, the best of mothers—I wonder if everybody's mother is as good to them as mine is to me—is, as you know, with me here. Father is at home, looking after his business. But he is coming to see us in August, and we shall then be *en famille*. I am their only child.

"When did I begin to sing? Why, I have been singing ever since I wore bibs and tuckers, at least they tell me so. Indianapolis is a city of song. The services in many of the churches are fully choral. Then we have our opera houses and our musical societies. At fourteen I sang the solos in President Harrison's Presbyterian Church, and also soloist in the Mannerchor and Lyra musical societies. My old master, Carl Barus, a German—my father is of German extraction, my mother belongs to an old American family—took from the first a great interest in me. Alexander Ernestinoff, a Russian noble in exile, was my other tutor. They gave me too much to do more than once. You will see from these old programmes that they thought nothing of putting me down for three or four solos from the great masters. Here is one, as you see, with a selection from the Barber of Seville, Mignon, Robert the Devil, and a ballad.

"Yes! Those were happy times. Such music I can really revel in. It's the world I live in. I sometimes wonder if the same great sweet things will be written again. But for one of those shifts which come to everybody, I might have gone on singing those sweet old things till to-day. Our church, like most churches, was in debt, and the plan suggested to get rid of the debt was three performances of The Pirates of Penzance. I had never acted, but the solo part fell to me. The performances were a success. Everybody was pleased. Father was pleased, and news of the play got to a friend of his, who was interested in such matters, in Philadelphia. In a few weeks an engagement was offered to me. We American girls don't fear, and I was behind the footlights at a time that, so far as I know, the English young lady is at work on her vocalcs. Kings Cole was a success. Then came a longer contract with Mr. J. C. Duff. We played in New York and on tour.

"Touring in America is a worry. It wears you out. Besides the long journeys, there is often a constant change of bill. I remember once having to get up the part of Dorothy at thirty-six hours' notice, and that when travelling nearly the whole time. How came I to come to England? Why, we had just got round when one day, in the street in New York, I met Mr. Stetson; he introduced me to Mr. D'Oyley Carte, who said he would like to hear me sing. He came. The results were that I got a release and sang in New York for him, night in and night out, with Miss Pauliser. The season over, Mr. and Mrs. Carte asked me if I would like to come to England. They did not altogether like it at home. But we compromised. Mother and father came with me. And round I went with the Savoy provincial company. So you see if I am not known in London I am known out of it. The tour came to an end, and after seeing England, Scotland, and Ireland we went home—I to carry out an engagement, and besides I was home-sick. The few months that have passed since then have been busy ones, and I was just looking forward, with five engagements under my thumb, when a message came from Mr. Carte reminding me of a promise that I had made when I said good-bye to him last August. It was that if he was able to offer me the Savoy Theater and a leading part I would come back to England. So here I am.

"No," she said, in conclusion, "I think I am not a great dancer. I suppose it is my old puritan spirit. But I am getting rid of my aversion, for discipline, I mean doing or finding out how to do what falls to your lot in a part, is my idea of the actor."

*

The very startling question was put to a popular and pretty actress at a jolly supper: "Do you ever rehearse stage kisses?"

The young lady smiled and replied that she always did.

"Not repeatedly," she said, "but just once. I don't care to be surprised by a peculiar sort of kiss on the night of the performance, so I always have an actor show beforehand just how he is going to do it. There is nothing in acting that I dread so much as a kiss. No, I'm not a prude, and do not suffer from the actual contact of a polite and good-looking fellow's lips, but there are more chances of disaster in a stage kiss than in almost any other action in the drama.

"In the first place it is apt to disturb my make-up. Then the actor may be a nervous man and pull away my wig, if I'm wearing one, or he may clutch me so tight that when he lets me go I lose my balance and get laughed at. My worst stage experience resulted from a kiss. It was in a scene of immense pathos, while I'm hanging about my lover's neck, who is being taken to prison. The actor who played the part of the villain-lover was an awfully nice fellow, and not in the least disagreeable to hang to. I did so with extra tenacity on the night in question, and I noticed he tried to free himself of me.

"But I clung on tight and glued my face to his. 'Let me go!' he gasped, and tried to drag back, but I pressed my face still closer, determined to get a lot out of the scene. Suddenly, as I was rapturously kissing him, he sneezed. Oh, what a sneeze it was! It seemed to start him in his boots, and I bounded away from him, dazed by the shock. Then I heard a roar of laughter in the audience, and saw my lover rushing from the stage with one section of his black mustache missing.

"There was another speech before the act should have ended, but the stage manager did not wait for it. He rang down the curtain and then informed me that I had better return the actor's mustache to him. When I reached my dressing-room I found a big piece of the false mustache sticking to my chin. I had not kissed it away; the actor lost it in the sneeze."

*

Rose Coghlan's next season, the first under her own management, opens August 24, at the New Park Theater, New York. She again assumes male attire in her new play, Dorothy's Dilemma, which is from the German of Von Moser. Her business arrangements are looked after by Mr. John T. Sullivan, who also still continues as her leading man. Miss Coghlan's company this year will be far stronger than heretofore. William Redmund, Helen Russell and Rachel Booth are three important engagements announced. After playing four to six weeks in New York City Miss Coghlan makes a lengthy tour in the western and south-western states. She will be seen here the beams next fall in the blessing of peace After the toil and the turmoil cease—

One more day gone forever.

Twilight over all:
Never a sound save the gathering breeze,
Night winds whispering through the trees,
Twilight shadows fall.

Starlight cold and clear:
Like far-off lamps in the blue above
Each star a message of tender love,
Angel eyes ever near.

Moonlight flooding the land:
Angels' silver wings covering all,
Blessings of peace on the still world fall,
Gift of an unseen hand.

PAULINE VAPHER.

L'Abandon.

For Saturday Night.

Little brooklet madly rushing,
Stay thy course for one brief hour,
Listen to a heart's repining
And re-echo evermore

This refrain from one who moaneth
From a heart, still as thine own
Waters, when wintry winds deprivelh
Them of love, warmth from the sun.

For his coming I have waited
Through such desolate, dreary days—
But "He cometh not," "tis fated,
And life's harp-string's tuneless lays,

Are as a robin's note of sorrow
Chanted for her lost in vain,
And repeats each day's to-morrow—
No, he will not come again.

Bear the refrain to old ocean,
Sobbing ceaselessly through time,
Of a hopeless heart's devotion
That his tears may flow with mine.

R.

Aloha!

For Saturday Night.

The sun has set long in the west;
Aloha!
The song-birds sweet have gone to rest;
Aloha nui!
The silvery stars shine in the sky,
And I must say good-bye! good-bye!
Aloha nui loa!

Ah, love to thee! my soul! my care!
Ai ha!
Heaven guard thee safe! I breathe a prayer,
Aloha nui!
You silvery stars their vigils keep,
God's angel-eyes watch o'er thy sleep,
Aloha nui loa!

NORA LAUGHER.

A Murmur.

For Saturday Night.

Had I a fortune half I'd give,
And think it well expended,
If I could for a short time live
Before my life is ended.

THE ANSWER.

Nay, trouble not, nor weary, pine
O'er what cannot be mended.
Exhaust the good, some must be thine,
Before thy life is ended.

L. deL. H.

Geraniums.

For Saturday Night.

Out of the letter that came from my friend
A spray of scarlet geranium fell,
A little tribute of love to send,
A brief, sweet story of love to tell;
Days that thrilled with a new, glad tone,
Books and flowers and notes and walks,
Evenings languorous, dreamy, alone,
Such witching waltzes never were known,
With stolen bits of delicious talks.

Moonlight glints on the fallen snow,
Diamond gleams of the frosted sprays,
A world all beautiful, all aglow
In the rosy flush of those love-lit days;
I gave you a scarlet boutonnier,
And fastened with a golden dart,
The starry blooms in my curling hair
You said you pinned with your kisses there,
And fettered them to my beating heart.

Voices of birds and flutter of wings,
New home nests in the leaves of May,
In one, the perfume of all the spring;
We parted awhile, sweetheart, one day,
And knew not it was ever. Ah, fair!
My pearl, my darling, bound to me,
There's nothing the matter, a flower is there,
Just say to Papa, I'll touch my hair,
And fasten it in, ere I come to tea.

EMMA I LATTER SEABURY.

Love's Influence.

For Saturday Night.

I.

Once Cupid visited my dame,
With tossing locks and wings afume,
He kissed her lips and kissed her eyes,
Whispering thousand fantasies,
Laughed and leapt and sang amain,
Showering on her gifts like rain:
A crown of lilies for her brow,
In her hand a ladies bough
Of apple blossom, pink and white.
Laughed and leapt in gay delight,
Made as though he'd aim his dart
Right into the lady's heart;
Repenting, drops it at her feet
Upon the grass where she must see't,
Then waved his wings, which thereby sent
Down balmy odors ere he went.

II.

Since which time her breath, I swear,
With sweeter fragrance fills the air,
And her bright eyes by Cupid's kiss
Still made brighter are by this,
While her cheek possesses now
The flushing of the apple bough.
And her lips, now wild, now wise,
Utter thousand fantasies,
And as I listen, love enrapt,
To hear her proved a pupil apt,
I see that wiful Cupid's art
Has taught her also that his dart
Has power to scathe, to wound, to bring
All those who see her worshipping.
Since which time no day goes by
That she neglects to let it fly,
And I, whose heart was here before,
Am daily wounded more and more.

JOSEPHINE WERLING.

"As a Tale That Is Told."

For Saturday Night.

Sunset over the hills:
Birds awaking, their sweet songs trilling,
The world with musical rapture thrilling—
The sun creeps over the hills.

Noontide on a summer day:
Bees hum drowsily in the clover,
Tired flowers droop the wide world over,
Hot and dusty the way.

Sunset across the river:
The heavens rest like the blessing of peace
After the toil and the turmoil cease—
One more day gone forever.

Twilight over all:
Never a sound save the gathering breeze,
Night winds whispering through the trees,
Twilight shadows fall.

Starlight cold and clear:
Like far-off lamps in the blue above
Each star a message of tender love,
Angel eyes ever near.

Moonlight flooding the land:
Angels' silver wings covering all,
Blessings of peace on the still world fall,
Gift of an unseen hand.

PAULINE VAPHER.

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O'er what cannot be mended.
Exhaust the good, some must be thine,
Before thy life is ended.

L. deL. H.

Noted People.

The Sultan of Turkey is at present an ardent student of German.

Sir Edwin Arnold is an absent-minded man and is somewhat negligent in his attire. He has a mild eye, a calm face and a general air of indifference.

The Marquis of Salisbury recently sent a magnificent lot of strawberries with flowers and fruits to the Royal Horticultural Society show in London.

Queen Victoria has presented an elephant to the Sultan of Morocco as a mark of her appreciation of his offer to alleviate the evils of slave dealings in his dominions.

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is an expert stenographer. He carries a note book with him at all times, and when an idea strikes him he jots it down for future use.

John Lothrop Motley's daughter, Lady Harcourt, lives in London, and has the reputation of being one of the cleverest and wittiest women in English society. She is also extremely handsome.

Carolus Duran likes to load his fingers with rings and to wear handsome silk linings to his coats. He excels in riding, guitar-playing, and fencing. He is popular on the boulevards and everybody in Paris knows him.

The Prince of Wales is said to be a lightning change artist in the way of doffing his attire. He can get out of one suit into another in a twinkling, and as he is obliged to change his costumes several times a day the accomplishment is a valuable one to him.

Foreign papers announce that an engagement has been arranged between the young King of Servia and Princess Xenia, the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. The young lady is only eleven years of age. It has long been known that the Czar favored such a match.

Mrs. U. S. Grant has all the love letters written to her by the general, then Lieutenant Grant, and said of them recently that during the four years of his absence every mail brought her a letter, every one of them full of sweet nothings, love, and war, and now and then some pressed leaves and flowers.

Mrs. Alexander, the British novelist, is of Irish parentage. A pen picture represents her as tall, handsome, somewhat portly of late years, endowed with a freshness of complexion that has defied middle age, with fair hair and blue eyes; she is a striking figure anywhere, a charming companion and an admirable conversationalist.

Rev. S. Baring Gould, the novelist, is nearly sixty years of age; his face is remarkably beautiful, reminding one of St. John as depicted by some of the old masters. He has a very intimate knowledge of the laboring class and the heroines of two of his strongest novels, Mehalah and Red Spider, are "daughters of the people."

Messonier's successor in the presidency of the National Society of French Artists, Puvis de Chavannes, is the antithesis of his predecessor intellectually and physically. Intellectually, he is an idealist and a poet; personally, a man of tall figure and snow-white hair; a thorough gentleman, elegant and fastidious. He is a man well advanced in years.

The Queen of Spain's reason for retarding the completion of the palace which is being built at San Sebastian, has at last been divulged. The palace is being built privately by the Queen, and it is in order to prevent overdrawing her bank account that she has determined to have the building finished only in the course of next year, when she will be able to pay the architects.

Mark Twain has gone abroad, but he has left behind the manuscript of a new long story which will see publication during the coming winter. The title chosen for the story is The American Claimant, and its chief interest lies in the revival of the indomitable Colonel Sellers, who is the leading figure in the story. Sellers comes into possession of an English title, left him by his English relative, and the amusing portions of the story cluster around this fact.

The Queen Regent of the Netherlands and her daughter declined the offer of a public reception during their recent visit to Amsterdam. They requested the city officials to use the money collected for the reception in feeding the poor. Consequently, more than thirty thousand poverty-stricken creatures received presents of food and money, and thirty-five thousand school children were provided with a breakfast. Each child received also a photograph of the young queen.

Bishop Wilberforce once came near going on strike himself, and by a threat of so doing he carried a point. Entering a crowded church in which he was to preach, one day, he escorted inside a lady whom he met at the door out who complained that there was no room. To his order to the beadle to find her a seat, that functionary replied that it was impossible. Thereupon the bishop declared: "Oh, if you don't, I won't preach!" A luxurious empty pew was quickly discovered.

Eugene Bataille ("Sapeck"), the prince of Parisian wags, recently ended his days in a mad-house at Clermont, where he had been confined since 1889. After a wild and merry youth as a student of the most approved Bohemian type in the Latin Quarter, he settled down as a lawyer. Once when he was arrested for causing an obstruction in the public thoroughfare by attracting attention as an extravagantly attired Ottoman, such a demonstration was made in his favor by the youth of the Latin Quarter that the prefecture ordered his release.

Eugene Field of Chicago, whose delicate humor and verses of pathos have given him a reputation not bounded by the confines of this country, is about forty-five years old. In personal appearance he is long and lank, and the hair on his head and face is not abundant. The bump of veneration was evidently left out when he was made, and the higher the respectability of the victims of his jokes and jibes, the keener seems to be the enjoyment of the perpetrator. But underlying this exterior is a tenderness for children, which is touching. Mr. Field lives quietly with his family, and his home is filled with books, many of them strange old tomes, which none but a real booklover could crave.

Tact.

HERE is a maxim of conduct, not taught in the Sunday schools nor advocated in systems of morals, which, nevertheless, is instilled into men from infancy by their own needs and wants; by the indirect teaching of their elders, as well as by early experience in the clashing of self-interest with other interest; and, later in life, by stubborn circumstance and rough competition. The maxim is, "Look out for Number One."

Now the quality or faculty known as "tact" is, in its essence, the very opposite of the purely selfish principle involved in the interests of Number One. The rule of tact, therefore—I mean tact of the higher, genuine sort, as opposed to selfishness—may fitly be expressed in this other formula: "Look out for Number Two."

If people more generally grasped this simple rule and understood how completely it expresses the true idea of tact, they would, I think, more generally enjoy the pleasure of getting on easily with their fellows. They would have the pleasure of giving pleasure, too, and of doing so at very small cost to themselves; for the exercise of tact usually requires only a slight effort of thoughtfulness, or the moderate self-denial of refraining from some act or speech that may cause another person to suffer needless embarrassment or pain.

Richelieu and Mazarin employed their skill in tact for crafty ends, as all diplomatists have to, since they find velvet as indispensable to their game of masquerade as blood and iron may be. Even Bismarck, the most downright and domineering of statesmen, knows—and none better than he—just when and how to soften the touch of his mailed hand in order to get hold of whatever he wants for the success of his plans—which, in one sense, may be called selfish. Many a candidate for congress or the legislature, or an aldermanic board, has, also, been known to display extraordinary tact in winning supporters before election and to suffer a still more extraordinary lapse and fall from the plane of that high virtue after securing the desired office.

A good instance of tact was told me by a young actor of brilliant ability and excellent standing, who, in his early stage-days, played a minor part in the support of Edwin Booth. The great tragedian, of course, could have no personal object to gain by respecting the *amour propre* of his youthful subordinate, yet, at rehearsal, he stopped a correcting of young man abruptly and autocratically in the presence of the whole company, he waited, took him aside afterward in the wings, and carefully glancing around to see that no one was listening, he said: "It seems to me my boy—mind, I don't know, but I think—that your lines ought to be read in this way." Then he proceeded to show the young man how completely wrong he had been, by giving him the proper intonation and emphasis; but so gently was it done that the apprentice was neither distressed nor disheartened, but on the contrary was much encouraged by the master artist's kindness.

A curious illustration of the opposite principle, the total absence of consideration, is mentioned in the famous German zoologist, Ernst Haeckel's account of his visit to Ceylon. On a walking trip through the coffee district of the "Island of Rubies," he was entertained at the houses of the English planters. In one of these, where he arrived before the dinner hour, his host informed him that he must appear at table in a black tail coat and white tie. Haeckel explained to him that, as he was journeying on foot, with very little baggage, he had not brought his dress-suit. But, notwithstanding this, when he came down to dinner he was made to feel as awkward and uncomfortable as possible, by finding his host arrayed in black evening attire and the hostess in full dinner toilet. That planter and his wife, though hospitable, certainly had not the least conception of the true tact.

It is rather easier to cite cases showing a disregard for the feelings of others in the details of daily intercourse than the contrary kind, for the reason that tact is unobtrusive and often consists more in what one does not do than in any act that commands notice. Still, by observing these negative examples, one constantly gets a clearer idea of what should be avoided if one wishes to be tactful. We all know the hearty, good-natured fellow, who, without the least intention of being unpleasant, assures you that in the summer resort to which you are going the drainage is bad and the water almost poisonous; and, when you name the particular hotel you have chosen to stop at, exclaims: "Really! I've never been there myself, but it always seemed to me a dirty sort of place. They say the Seaview is much better," etc.

There is, also, such a thing as being so anxious to please one individual that, in your anxiety, you become guilty of some frightful lapse in respect of others whose mental comfort is quite as important, like the Washington hostess who, desiring to impress certain friends with the great excellence of society at the capital, said, in answer to their compliments at one of her receptions and in the hearing of a number of other guests: "But you can hardly judge of Washington society by this gathering. Our best people are not here to-day!" The list of these *faux-pas* is practically endless, and *Punch's* "Things One Would Rather Have Said Otherwise," supply inexhaustible illustration of them.

Then again, there are people who eschew tact, on the theory that it interferes with truthfulness. Of course, it often involves a suppression of unnecessary or disagreeable truth; but a decent reserve in this respect is a very good thing and far removed from falsehood. There is no monopoly of tact; yet it is not a common possession, either. Fashionable society—that body of people who devote most of their time to social intercourse and have every means of perfecting its forms—ought to furnish an ideal standard of tact in daily practice; but it unfortunately does not, because its manners are based too largely on self-assertion, delusions of superiority, mutual rivalry and the snub defensive or offensive. The perfection of unassuming tact is often found among folk of a much humbler sort, who, however, can not be counted upon for it, as a body, any more than the world of fashion can.

Among nations, the English have developed the fine art of tact, perhaps, least of all; and I believe it would be no more than a just flattery to assign the leadership in it to Americans, because tact, as we employ it, depends less upon compliment and polite diction than that of the French or Italians, and is more sincere. There is even a tendency among us to push this good trait to the faulty extreme of fettering true freedom of speech, in our heed for the feelings and sentiments of a multitude No amount of tact, properly applied, can hurt or frustrate a good cause; but we are apt to forget that there are principles which must continually be declared and insisted upon for the general good, and that frankness and earnestness may be perfectly combined with graciousness in so insisting upon them. I do not refer to the fastening upon the public by law special theories of diet in the matter of drink, which appears to me a false principle. Its advocates, moreover, are in no danger of letting tact overrule earnestness. But there are other things in which too great a deference to the many becomes a subservience unwholesome both for the individual and for the public.—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

In the Heat of the Day.

The exchange editor of *Belcher's Weekly* was perspiring. It was very hot. The breeze that came through the open windows seemed to come as from some great furnace. The exchange editor leaned over his great table and placed his hands over his ears for a moment, and as he removed them the noises of the street rushed into his brain again with a great shriek. He hated everything. The hot breeze and the yellow glare and the noises; the rattling of the wagons; the newsboys and banana-men's cries, and the throbbing sounds of many industries.

Everything was glaring or grimy. The windows were frightfully dirty, and the pile of newspapers in one corner and the unused clips on his desk were turning an ugly, bilious yellow. Everything was dusty, his eyelashes even, and he had a harsh, dry choking in his throat and a dull pain in his head. He still clung to his shears, though he was not busy. He wished that there was something to do, but the foreman had plenty of copy, and at the moment he had not a single idea worth putting in words. So he leaned his chair back against the wall and rumpled his hair. Presently he closed his eyes, which made the black circles underneath them more apparent, and wondered, not for the first time, if life were worth living.

As he leaned there, however, it seemed to be the early morning; before his gaze stretched a lovely wooded ravine—a valley of winding water. He was on a footpath on one of its beech-clad sides and from his vantage point he could overlook it all and hear the water singing below. He could see the willows on either side of the stream and the beautiful effects of the mist rising among them. The dew was upon everything, upon the white tri-liums at his feet, for an hour defying the young sun. A few drops had even fallen from the overhanging branches upon the hair and face of the girl at his side and seemed to belie her soft laugh of joy at his words. And he was singing now. He knew not what words, only the glorious music, and the girl was looking at him with great, joyful, worshipping eyes.

It was noon now, but it was cool within the verge of the pine woods, and the breeze sang in the branches overhead with a soft caressing strain. He was lying at the girl's feet and he had been telling her all his hopes and aspirations. They were both quiet and thoughtful now, watching the hay-fields stretching away to the west. And now and then they could hear the voices of the men at work and the rattling of the harness as the horses drew the growing load from haycock to haycock. Fifty yards away on the gravelly stretch outside the wood a yellow bird was perched on a dry last year's mullein stalk and incessantly calling to and answering his little green mate in the branches overhead. Suddenly the girl stooped forward and brushed some brown pine needles from his hair and as she drew away he caught her hand and gently kissed it, and again she laughed a breathless, joyous laugh.

His fancy lingered upon this scene until it seemed evening and sunset. Against the fiery red of the west the pine-covered hills stood out rugged and black, but to the east and south the sky was a soft pink. He was with her again. Now they were on the lake and the boat was gently rocking in the pink dappled waters. Toward the shore were many boats, but they were far out from any others and as the evening gradually darkened and the thin crescent of the moon grew gradually brighter someone in the other boats was singing, and he could feel the love in her eyes as they listened. It was the hymn of the venetian boatman:

O Omnes Sacri Angeli, orate pro nobis!

During the few minutes in which the exchange editor had been conjuring up these scenes he had absent-mindedly clung to his long shears, but his grasp which had been slowly relaxing was altogether loosened and they fell to the floor with a clatter. This brought the young man to himself, and he let the four legs of his chair come down with a mighty bang. "Confound the race of girls anyway," he said aloud. "She never thought enough of me to walk with me in the woods or do more than laugh with scorn if I suggested it. And if I was at the lake to-night I would be unhappy on the shore, and she would be listening to the singing with some fellow who has a 'high soul.' Perhaps I'm a confounded fool to dream." And then an idea struck him. He would write an article and show how unjustly young men, so-called flirts, were viewed; how, if a fellow did not flirt with girls and have a good time with them, he only resigned himself to heartache and worry and could get no happiness except in dreams, which only made his other life the more unhappy. He took up his pencil to write, but the words would not come somehow. It didn't seem true. So he gave it up for that and went out, and as he met a couple of the boys they greeted him as if he were an oasis in the desert. He, Tom, the ever jolly fellow, was refreshing on this burning afternoon. And he laughed and chatted and told the latest funny story and for half an hour forgot the pain of his discontent. And his friends would have treated as ridiculous the suggestion that Tom, the exchange editor of *Belcher's*, was a melancholy fellow.

TOUCHSTONE.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

A Royal Bride.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein is the grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, and the daughter of Princess Helena of England. She was recently married at Windsor to the Prince of Analt-Dessau, and the brilliancy of her wedding was enhanced, for those fond of looking on Royalty, by the presence of the Queen and of the German Emperor and Empress.

Under the Earth.

The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe sweiter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they never penetrate over one seven thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the center of the earth.

In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at one hundred and twenty degrees.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only four thousand one hundred and seventy-two feet, about one thousand feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis.

While borings and mines reveal to us only a few secrets relating solely to the temperature and constitution of the earth for a few thousand feet below the surface, we are able by means of volcanoes to form some notion of what is going on at a greater depth.

There have been many theories about the cause of volcanoes, but it is now generally held that, though they are produced by the intense heat of the interior of the earth, they are not directly connected with the molten mass that lies miles below the immediate sources of the volcanic energy.

Everybody knows that many rocks are formed on the floor of the ocean, and it has been found that from twenty to seventy per cent. of their weight is made up of imprisoned water. Now these rocks are buried in time under overlaying strata, which serve as a blanket to keep the enormous heat of the interior

This heat turns the water into superheated steam which melts the hardest rock, and when the steam finds a fissure in the strata above it, it breaks through to the surface with terrific energy, and we have a volcano.

We find that these outpourings that have lain for countless ages many thousand feet below the surface, are well adapted to serve the purposes of man. Many a vineyard flourishes on the volcanic ashes from Vesuvius, and volcanic mud has clothed the hills of New Zealand with fine forests and its plains with luxuriant verdure.

The most wonderful display of the results of volcanic energy is seen in the north-western corner of our own land, a region of lofty forests and great fertility.

Hydrophobia, False and Real

Hydrophobia never originates, in the human subjects at least, except by inoculation from a rabid animal, and death always occurs in four or five days after the development of the disease. A doctor recently had a case of so-called hydrophobia in which it was stated that the patient had been bitten some three months previous by a dog undoubtedly hydrophobic. The doctor inquired as to what had become of the dog and was informed that he was still living, having recovered. It was not necessary to examine any further into the particulars of the case, for if the dog had really been the subject of hydrophobia he would have been dead very shortly after biting the patient.

Again it often happens that a person easily affected by suggestions has what he conceives to be the symptoms of hydrophobia developed very soon after having been bitten by a rabid animal, whereas the real disease rarely supervenes until after a month has elapsed from the time of inoculation. It is true there are cases on record in which the period of incubation was less than that, but they are exceedingly rare. The time varies from twenty-five days to four months and a half. Cases in which the disease is said to have supervened many years after an alleged inoculation, ought to be received with doubt. The interval probably never exceeds two years or is less than ten days.

Watches.

In order to keep the "going" of a watch as regular as possible, it should be subjected to regular treatment, that is to say, it should be wound up always at the same time of day and during the time it is not worn it should either be laid down or hung up regularly, according to habit, as every watch goes differently when it is hanging, than either during lying down or wearing. In watches having a double case, that over the watch glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that if such a watch is left open even for one night, the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works even through the tiniest openings in the case, and thus cause disturbances. People should wind up their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they go to rest, but because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned by wearing it. Springs will not break so easily if the watch is carefully wound up, and is not placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall or on a still colder marble slab; and for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

A watch should be cleaned every two, or at most every three years, if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-clothed watch, begins to act as a grinding material and wears out the working parts. Any one having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any liquid should take it at once to the watchmaker to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch forever.

An Example to Age.

Deacon Hardfacts (President Anti-Tobacco Society)—Young man, I am seventy-nine years old, and I never smoked a puff of tobacco in my life.

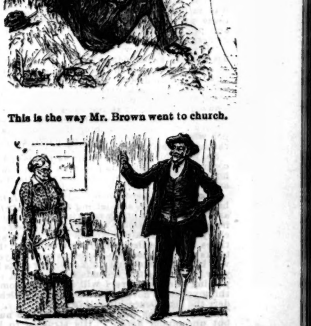
Young American (puffing cheroot)—Well, you're not too old to learn yet. Cato learned Greek at eighty, you know.

Your attention is called to our Christmas Number Prize Competition. Particulars on page six.

Appearances were Deceptive.

Everybody said, "What a good man Mr. Brown is! He walks to church every Sunday morning with his bible under his arm."

This is the way Mr. Brown went to church.



But everybody did not know how pleased Mr. Brown always was on his return home

NO CONJUROR.

By R. E. FRANCILLON,

Author of "Bounce Bahawder," "King or Knave," "Romance of the Law," Etc.

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R. E. FRANCILLON.

I.

"I'm really enjoying myself, Jack!" said the fat man with gold spectacles who sat at the end of the first form, just in front of the stage. "I do like a thing to be prime, from a joint of beef down to a minister. And that fellow there is prime! Don't you feel jealous, eh?"

"I?" asked his next neighbor—a slim man in a furred cloak and with long black hair, intent upon the jewels which adorned his singularly white and taper fingers. "Why, of all the bunglers—of all the imbeciles—"

"Ha—that's it, Jack! He's the primest of prime duffers; he's the regular prize duffer. I never saw such a duffer in all my days; I never dreamed there was such a duffer in this duffing world. Did you see how he muffed that last trick? Why, it couldn't have taken in a baby in arms."

"It ought not to be allowed," said the other, solemnly. "It is degradation of art"—he spoke with a slight foreign manner—"when it shall be practiced like there. I shall go away. I shall not sit upon needles and pins any more."

"No; don't go yet. It's too—Hollos!"

A silver coin, which ought to have remained comfortably hidden in the performer's palm, fell with a ring upon the stage, whence it rolled to the floor of the booth, to be pounced upon by a quick-eyed urchin, and he held up in derisive triumph before it was pocketed. The poor conjuror, instead of being ready with a jest to turn the laugh, stammered something inaudibly, and bowed his head to the storm.

"Try back, Tommy!" someone cried from the back of the booth. "Dogged does it! Better luck next time."

It was lucky the storm was of nothing worse than chaff; for the man on the stage was evidently not more of a hero than he was of a genius. He was a pale, lank, hungry-looking fellow, of no particular age, with dull black eyes, and dressed as a juggler in shabby tights which, in his case, could be called such only by courtesy. And, despite his calling, it was only too painfully evident that he was a shy man; and a juggler had better be even more nimble than shy—especially before an audience of noisy lads and lasses fresh from the ready reparter of the cheap jack, and from the brazen sublimity of the traveling doctor. For it was Horchester Mop, or Pleasure-fair, when the farm servants came from all the country round to their yearly hiring, and ambuscaded nothing too good for them—not even the Horchester ale.

The theater into which those who still had a copper or two to spare had found their way, attracted by such a promising because such awfully crack jaw announcements as "The marvellous magical mysteries of Signor Tommasoni, Prince of Prestidigitation and Lion of Legerdemain," was a common booth of boards, which had come apparently in the wheels last night and would doubtless depart no-whither to-morrow. The two visitors who had strayed into such a trifling and beer reeking place from out of the world of furred coats and gold-rimmed glasses, were true flies in amber among the nut-cracking audience of yokels in smock frocks and corduroys and their womankind. Perhaps it was having the faces of two such unaccustomed critics not more than a couple of yards from the three candles which did duty for foot-lights, that made the performance so poor for even a booth at a fair.

Poor it was, beyond question. The tricks were of the slatest sort—every wandering mountebank's commonest stock-in-trade; and yet few went without mid-hap and none without a clumsiness that naturally grew worse and worse as the poor juggler plodded on.

There must have been cause for pity, somewhere. Whether it were through dissolute misfortune, it could not be without sad reason that the hungry-looking creature in spangles was taking on such grossly false pretenses the coppers of boors, who did not think it worth while even to punish him, save by derision.

The fat man chuckled at every misadventure; the slim man shuddered and muttered; the yokels chucked about their nut shells and guffawed.

There was cause for pity; how much—how much through fault, how much through misfortune—the poor juggler knew only too well. It was one of those moments when, whether it be before the Parliament of an Empire or in a booth at a fair, Genius bursts forth and asserts itself; and none knew better than Signor Tommasoni himself that he had no more genius than the gaping yokel who had just thrown the walnut which narrowly missed his nose. Not even so much; for had Signor Tommasoni thrown the nut, ten to one it would not have gone so near.

All at once Signor Tommasoni's nose, which was rather longer than they were noses in those parts, took the fancy of the audience, and proved an irresistible temptation to the owners of walnuts.

"It's all up, now," he thought to himself desperately, as he dodged his head to avoid the missiles. "They won't stop at nutcrackers; they have the booth down. . . . If I could"—a well aimed crack over the eyebrow—"If I could only gain five minutes to get clear away! I have it; I'll do what one of the boys tried did when he dodged the constable. Ay—he set them all staring at something that was to happen when he came back; and he caught I know they're starting and waiting still."

So, with his feeble cunning, as feeble as his conjuring, he planned a plan; as if he could hope to emulate a one-eyed Boswell in craft any more than a Houdin in sleight of hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, with his hand on his heart, and letting the walnuts fly as they listed—in husky voice indeed, but with irreproachable accent—"Ladies and gentlemen, every prestidigitateur knows that there are times when the Deuce plays himself with the tricks; and of those times this is one. If you will kindly condescend to keep your nuts in your pockets for five seconds by your gold repeating chronometers, I will show you something you have never seen before, and which I defy the very Deuce himself to spoil. . . . Thank you; that was an uncommon fine nut, but uncommon hard!" His struggle to be smart and spirited was pitiable to see. "I'll ask the gentleman in the front stalls to step on the stage and hold it between his finger and thumb. I'll retire for one minute to perform certain incantations, and when I come back—when I come back—when I come back, I say—I'll crack that nut, and if you're not surprised by what comes out, why all I can say is, I shall be! May I ask you, my lord, if your lordship will be so kind?"

The gentleman in the fur cloak seemed unwilling enough to stand up before such a sea of grins with a walnut between his finger and thumb.

But "Go up, Jack!" cried his fat friend, slapping him between the shoulders; and there was such a chorus of "Ah, go up Jack!" that he was fain to obey. There he stood like a sign-post, with outstretched arm, holding out the nut so that all the booth could see.

"Now let no lady nor gentleman take their eyes off that walnut," said Signor Tommasoni, nervously; for he felt he must escape now or never. . . . . Horror! It flashed into his mind that his only coat, on which he relied to cover his tights and spangles, and his hat, were in the front of the house; that the coat was keeping the treasurer from catching cold, and that the hat was serving for the treasury.

He was a mouse with but one hole; and that moment of dismay closed it for him.

"Then up, Tommy! Stars away!" called upon him to make his final and crushing failure. Well—he might as well go through some sort of a form

"Throw the walnut among the company, my lord, when I say three," he panted with a ghastly effort at a smile. "Hocus pocus—hey presto—one; two; three!"

The man in the cloak spun the nut into the air—all eyes watched it falling—when lo, when in mid air, it burst, and out of it flew a full grown pigeon, which circled thrice round the booth and then settled on the hand of the thrower still out-stretched in amaze.

A full stared pigeon was a most common wal-nut bought in the fair and chosen at hazard! It took the audience a breathless moment to realize what an impossible thing had just done. But not one there was so utterly amazed as the conjuror, who stood the most open-mouthed of them all.

"Jack," whispered the fat man to his friend, in a changed and serious voice, "did you ever see or hear of that trick before? It wasn't one of your tricks, eh?"

"Bah—a wretched trumpery," said the other with a scowl. "No grace—no finish."

"Ah. But do you know how it was done?"

"No, not exactly."

"Do you mean to say that you, Professor Demidoff, let yourself be made the accomplice of a mountebank at a fair without seeing through any trick in his whole box? He couldn't have changed nuts without your knowing it, eh?"

"Absurd!"

"He couldn't have palmed off a property nut for a real one on you?"

"Bah!"

"Then all I can say is that that fellow there is a genius and the way he led up to a trick like that by pretending to be a duffer is the cleverest thing I ever saw."

"And I say it was an ugly trick!" said the other. "A trick which no professor of self-respect will let himself perform. I shall go. I like not these vulgar places. I go."

"Talk of a woman's jealousy—why it's no where," thought the fat man, as he made his way into the hut behind the booth which served for green-room, dressing-room, property-room, and refreshment-room—a place likely enough for sleeping-room as well. The litter was indescribable, the light was dim, and the stifling air was full of frowsy odors. In only occupant was a small figure wrapped in a green great coat with an occasional brass button, counting coppers out of an old felt hat into a tambourine. It was the Hercules who over a pewter pot, the little figure started up and faced round fiercely.

"Get out of this!" cried the shrill voice of a very small girl standing well in front of her treasure. "You walk your chalks this minute, or as sure as my name's Patty I'll call the police and have you jugged as sure as you stand there."

"It's all right," said the visitor, rubbing his knee, which he had knocked against a small table with its three feet in the air, and looking into the little brown face half smothered in black elf locks, from which flashed an angry pair of big black eyes. "I'm not after the treasury, my dear. I want to speak to Signor Tommasoni—that's all."

"Business or pleasure?" asked Patty, after looking the intruder through and through. "Cos if it's pleasure, I'm not going to let him out to-night; and cos if it's business, you'll please apply to me."

"My dear, you give me a strong impression that—in my own language—I'd best apply to Signor Tommasoni. Don't be afraid—"

"Don't mind the child, sir," said the signor himself, suddenly appearing from somewhere. "She is not too much minor; but"—he tapped his forehead in the way used to signify want of wits—"and that's not her fault, poor little dear. I hope you and your friend were pleased?"

"We were delighted. Business pretty brisk, eh? No! Ah, I'm sorry to hear that; but it's the way with us all. Is this concern your own?"

Signor Tommasoni—who had the air of being an Italian—shook his head and sighed.

"It's been a bad spec, governor. The man that had this booth and things before me swore there was a fortune in it; I gave him five pounds for the concern that I'd saved—"

"That I'd saved, Uncle Tom," said Patty sharply.

"And the end of it is," said the signor, not heeding her, "that the five pound's gone and nothing else has come."

"Just like a man," said the child. "You're all alike. You all think yourselves so clever in the things you're stupidest in. Uncle Tom's a regular conjuror; but when he makes a bargain without my advice—you see!"

"Nothing of the sort. The man that ran this concern did the bargaining, for he told me so himself. He had a gold watch and stood drinks all round. But luck was against me from the start. For the last month we've been eating and drinking the apparatus, bit by bit, till there's nothing left to do a decent trick with—and if you were in the same line, I'd let you have the whole concern as it stands for three half crowns."

"Four," struck in Patty, promptly.

"No need to haggle," said the visitor, waving her off as if bidding a troublesome fly, "and am in the same line. I suppose you've heard of Piper's Theater of Varieties. I'm Piper."

"Then my son's relation," exclaimed the signor, far more awed than if the other had said, "I'm the Prince of Wales."

"Then come to me at the King's Head to-morrow morning at ten sharp, and I'll engage you at a salary. Done. Good night."

"Oh, Uncle Tom!" cried the girl, throwing her arms round the conjuror's neck. "Hurrah!"

"There!" said Signor Tommasoni. "Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I say there was a fortune in this show—didn't I say so from the beginning? As if you could know anything about investing and that sort of thing—a bit of a child like you! Ah—genius is a wonderful thing; it's made to be fond of and love. I've thrown away among the yokels; but a man like Piper—he knows! And I wasn't at my best, either—"

"It was that pigeon trick that fetched 'em, Uncle Tom. However was it done?"

"Pigeon trick? There wasn't any pigeon trick. One would think you were daft, Patty. How much have you got in that hat?"

"Eighty-one rowns: six and nine."

"Then a man with a place at Piper's can afford some beer!"

II.

It is, I presume, unnecessary to explain that the name of Tommazoni was not inherited by the Prince of Prestidigitation from his father, any more than that he had been born to his Italian prefix under Italian skies. Nor would it be entertaining to investigate his history; because he was a vagabond by nature and not by accident, with the adventurous zest about him which, be he duke or dustman, makes him a vagabond in soul. Signor Tommazoni had only drifted helplessly into vagabondage; his heart was with the flesh-pots, though he had well nigh forgotten their flavor.

He could do almost everything, and everything almost equally badly. Conjuring, fiddling, singing, ventriloquising, reciting, verse-making, whistling, tumbling—it could be hard to tell in which he was the most complete, though unconscious, impostor. Of course he prided himself on all his accomplishments; but none so much as on his worldly wisdom and his capacity for affairs. So complete was his self-belief on that score that there was but one act of his life of which he was ashamed on the ground of imprudence and feeble good nature. It was when, in a moment of weakness for which he could never manage to account to himself, he promised a poor lone gypsy woman whom he chanced to find dying by the wayside, that he would not let her little girl starve.

It was indeed a rash promise, for it was often more than he could manage to find enough for himself, not to speak of two. Nevertheless, trouble though she was to a wandering bachelor, Patty was useful to him, in a way. He could always tell himself that if it was not for her he would have been another Piper. It must be somebody's fault that he was not; and the notion that one's failure can be one's own fault is notoriously incompatible with common sanity. That she was a born simpleton was clear, for she had not a notion or an opinion that was not the exact opposite of his own.

"If it not been fool enough to make that stupid promise, I should be a second Professor Demidoff!" he used to say to himself twenty times a day.

Such had been his life till he found himself all of a sudden tumbled into a good engagement at Piper's, with liberal advances of salary to outfit and for support till the date fixed for his first appearance. That he had been engaged on his merits he never doubted for a moment; it seemed unaccountable, having been engaged at an awkward crisis he had a hazy notion but no clear recollection, and he was so accustomed from his infancy to the phenomena of mental muddle that he took it for the natural condition of the human mind. Something very clever had happened; but every conjuror knows that tricks do not perform themselves, and whatever he had done once on the inspiration of the moment, he would no doubt be able to do again.

So do people reason—as if the cleverest things we do are ever done by themselves; as if anybody really knew anything at all.

Signor Tommazoni's first appearance was not to take place till after Professor Demidoff's last, so that their attractions might be properly economized; so for that short space he had nothing to do, and he did it to perfection.

He was thus congenially occupied when one day—it was at Flaxbury, where the change of bill was to be made—he received, at his lodging, a visit from the professor in person. It was a rare honor. A call from the Lion Rampant could not perform themselves, and whatever he had done once on the inspiration of the moment, he would no doubt be able to do again.

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So do people reason—as if the cleverest things we do are ever done by themselves; as if anybody really knew anything at all.

Dimly it dawned back upon Signor Tommazoni that this was what he had done when he had intended to do nothing. He must have done it; therefore it would be childish to say he did not know how. Yet he might have said it, had not Patty broken in:

"Now, you'll tell us your way, we'll tell you ours."

"You are sharp!" said the professor. "But there is no harm to tell you. I never perform in England more. I go to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America: and everywhere I say, 'This is the grand trick of Signor Tommazoni, the grandest conjuror of the world, with the cleverest tricks, and the prettiest little girl.'"

Signor Tommazoni scratched his head, and then shook it so forcibly that anybody would think it was obstinately. Patty shook hers scornfully, and went on sewing as if compliments were not worth having.

The professor looked wrathful for a moment. But nothing could have been sweeter than the tone in which he said:

"Want that trick, my dear friend. I will give ten pounds to know. No? Then twenty—that is handsome, eh?"

And so the bargain proceeded, till Prof. Demidoff had offered no less a sum than five hundred pounds for the trick, while the big eyes of Patty, in her notions of finance had but hitherto been bounded by pence, grew bigger still. But Signor Tommazoni was incomprehensibly obdurate. It was not that his artistic pride was proof against profit; it was that he felt at first time clearly realized what the trick had been, and, at the same time, could not for the life of him remember doing it or how it was done. Yet how, with any self-respect, could he give himself away by such an absurd confession?

"We will take it," said Patty. "We will take five hundred pounds."

"No!" exclaimed Signor Tommazoni, with most uncharacteristic energy, making the tumblers clatter and hurting his fist by the blow he gave the table. "I've had enough of your interference Patty. I've got a good thing now—no thanks to you; and I'm go n g to keep it—so there. Much obliged for your company, Professor; but love nor money don't get that trick out of me!"

But from that hour all the pleasure had died out of going nothing. From unearthly hours of the morning, to still more unearthly hours of night, he sought and studied how to make a live pigeon seem to fly out of an apparently unbroken walnut in mid air, till the price of nuts went up in Flaxbury; and every day he found himself farther and farther from the solution of a problem which never solved itself save in impossible manners and some trifles, even in dream. In spite of his contempt for Patty's intellect, he had never yet been cross with her; but now he seemed to hear as if she were answerable for every failure—as if she were some fairy changeling, who made everything go wrong.

It made her very miserable; for if she was stupid, she was not the less affectionate and she spent the whole of her time, when she was not marketing or mending, in wondering how she could bring back the times when she did not mind a snubbing at the expense of nothing more important than her brains.

She did not like Professor Demidoff; but he had seemingly taken an immense liking to her—indeed he became quite lowerlike in his attentions and in his way of meeting her by accident when she went about her domestic errands. But, though he began his conversations with some high flown nonsense or other, he invariably turned the talk upon him whom she called Uncle Tom. He took the line of her indignant champion against Uncle Tom's tyrannical temper; he tried to rouse her into self assertion; and at last one day, having prefaced the proposal with a brooch and a pair of ear-rings, he suggested that she should make common cause with him, as her only true friend, and that by spying and coaxing and any other treacherous means she could find with his help, Uncle Tom's trick should become her own. He appealed to her curiosity, her interest, her vanity, her sense of wrong—

She threw the brooch and ear-rings in a handful into his face, turned her back, and stalked away with what would have been tragic dignity had she not been so small.

"Very well, Spitfire!" he growled after her. "If I am not to do that trumpery trick, neither shall he." He shall be No Conjuror, I tell you—No Conjuror, no more than you!"

Of course the man was devoured with jealousy and envy of a rival who was likely to throw him into the shade. But Patty, though she saw through the motive of his insult, became dismally afraid that the "No Conjuror" was a true bill. Could she do nothing to help Uncle Tom for old kindness' sake? It was not likely; but she could try!

III.

As the time drew near for the first appearance of Signor Tommazoni, Court Magician to the Grand Lunar Tivoli, in his great Columbian Mystery, the agony of the Court Magician himself once more drew every day, then every hour, then every minute, nearer to despair. The trick had excited considerable public interest, for nobody was better skilled than Mr. Piper in those arts which are of more importance than the woman than the quality of his show, and he had made so big a hit with Signor Demidoff as to render it imperative that he should make a bigger with Signor Tommazoni.

Brilliant thought! He was really getting ill by the time he got to it, and, so ill that the performance would have to be postponed! Alas for his brilliant thought!

"Very well," said Mr. Piper, beaming at him through his gold spectacles. "Of course I don't expect a man to perform when he can't; but I do expect him to return me the advances I made on the distinct understanding that he will!"

And those advances had been spent, and more besides.

Not so brilliant evasion after brilliant evasion had to be dismissed by the man who declared himself to be an impostor, until the day came, and the miserable fiasco would have to be played to the wretched end.

. . . . . .

It was a very different audience from that of Horchester Mop; for there were country people, and well as the best townspeople in the stalls; and people with titles, and people with sharp and experienced eyes, and people who would be able to compare the man with all the most famous conjurors who have mystified the world.

Signor Tommazoni was to make his *debut* with his great trick, which was to be led up to by a carefully graduated programme of minor performances.

A little before the interesting minute, Prof. Demidoff, fur-cloaked as usual, took his seat in the front row of the stalls, with such a look of triumph on his pale face that those who sat near took it for generous sympathy with the anticipated success of a rival.

It was an interesting departure from conventionalities, and an additional mystification, that Signor Tommazoni did not appear during the preparations for the trick, which he could then have no appearance of controlling. A small girl, to whom long black hair and big black eyes gave a decidedly elfish look, carried a large bag of filberts and two half-the nut-throwing, for obvious reasons, was not feasible here—and requested all who would to pick out a nut at random, shake it close to her that it was whole and unbroken, and giving the empty bag to the nearest child before she went back to the stage.

"Now," she said in her shrill treble, "all of you have common nuts; but one of them shall be turned into a wonderful nut. Which shall it be?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then somebody called out "The Mayor," and "The Mayor" was voted by acclamation.

"Then," said the girl, "please the Mayor of Flaxbury to throw his nut into the air as high as he can."

The Mayor, an elderly solicitor, looked a little shamefaced as he stood up to do what the girl ordered him; but he was a sensible man and he shot up his nuts as if he had been a boy again and it a marble.

Before it turned it had reached a good height, but then it flew to the girl and settled, one on her head and one each on her shoulders. The people picked up the blossoms—they were real; and every nut that was cracked produced nothing but a common kernel.

But even before the applause could come:

"This isn't conjuring—it's Magic! The man who has done it is—is fastened up in his room, under lock and key!"

And Prof. Demidoff sprang up and staggered towards the door.

And then the applause came.

IV.

Sure enough, the poor conjuror was found a prisoner at his lodgings, locked into his room and with the key removed from the door. The professor, he explained to the bewildered Mr. Piper, had called on him at his lodgings for his *debut*, and had parted from him in the friendliest manner, turning the key and carrying off, as he said, to prevent of those absent-minded fits to which artists of all kinds are so prone. But—

"It's all right, Uncle Tom!" whispered Patty, with the arms around the neck of her incapable guardian. "I knew you'd never find out that trick, so I found it out myself, and—hush! don't speak—they think it's you, all the time."

"It isn't right!" said Uncle Tom—at last out and boldly, like a man. "So you've puzzled performances long enough, I don't believe I ever did, even when I did it? Mr. Piper," he said, half-proudly, half-sadly, to his employer and to those who had relieved him from his imprisonment, "Mr. Piper and gentlemen—I'm a humbug—I'm an ass. It's Patty there that's the genius; and I beg her pardon before the lot of you. I'm no conjuror, not I."

Her hand was over his mouth.

"What's conjuring!" she said. "Stuff and rubbish; anybody can conjure that's got two eyes and ten fingers. But it's not everybody that would have bothered himself all these years with a—Me!"

. . . . . .

Signor Tommazoni has retired from the profession, and has taken to composing comic operas which he cannot get performed. But there is no occasion for him to make money. For this is the story of the *debut* of Mademoiselle Columba, whose supreme skill in White Magic has made other persons than Prof. Demidoff suspect an alliance with other spirits than those of Patience and Gratitude.

How she performs her great pigeon trick she has never divulged and never will, not even to Uncle Tom, for she is a good business woman and he would tell the world. And he never even asks—he has entirely surrendered his mind to hers and considers her the wisest as well as the cleverest of all man and womankind.

But how did he perform the trick, that once, then once only, and without knowing how? It may be that he was inspired by the excitement of despair, as in a dream; it may have been—a hundred things. One can but choose one a nut at random; it will probably be the wrong one. But the magic of Gratitude and Patience will turn its kernel into Doves and Flowers, we may be sure.

THE END.

Next week: The Strange Face in The Glass, by Alethea Phillips, author of A Romance of the Revolution, &c.

The Explanation.

Nature has provided us with eye-lids; but ear-stoppers are wanting. This explains why we often do not see a point, although we hear it well set forth.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

IN A RUSH

TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for **"SURPRISE SOAP"** and use the **"SURPRISE WAY"** without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. **STOP** now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

Stop!

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 30 YEARS IN USE.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
Offer for sale all grades of refined

SUGARS AND SYRUPS

Of the well-known brand or

Redpath

Certificate of Strength and Purity:
CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.84 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A Knight of the Garter.

"I say, Edgehill, old man, come out and do a constitutional," said Tom Jennings, entering the rooms of a friend in Clarges street, Piccadilly. "It's such an awfully jolly day, doncherknow, that it's a downright sin to stay swelteringly indoors."

Edgehill laid down the novel which he was reading, and, stretching himself, looked lazily up at his friend.

"All right, dear boy," he replied. "I don't mind if I do have a bit of a stroll. I feel rather cheap; and it will help to freshen me up for this evening. By the by, Tom (with a wink and a chuckle), you'll be pleased to hear that the pretty Miss Selwood, whom you have so long sighed, is going to be at Lady Northover's dinner party to-night; so you'll have the opportunity of hobbing and nobbing with her."

"Is she though?" exclaimed Jennings, his face lighting up in a pleased smile. "That's good business. Who told you?"

"Lady Northover herself," Edgehill answered. "The schoolgirl is a jolly good sort, and it is a great pity that she is so strictly kept by that prudish old aunt of hers. Look here! Help yourself to a weed. I must just go and change my coat; but I won't keep you long."

He was as good as his word. In a few minutes he returned, duly got up for his promenade, and the two men set out together. Although they were such great friends, they formed a strong contrast to each other. Edgehill was nearer forty than thirty—having considerable experience of life, attended by that easy self-possession of manner which is the natural consequence. He was blessed, moreover, with a keen sense of humor, and was far over playing practical jokes, purely of a good-natured sort, upon his numerous friends. In all these particulars Tom Jennings was his diametrical opposite. Having scarcely emerged from the state of boyhood, he knew precious little of the world, and was at least as shy and self-conscious in society as most youths of his age. And further, the sense of humor which was so conspicuous in Edgehill, was in Tom only conspicuous by its absence; for in utter incapability to see a joke, he was a veritable rival of Macdonald's children. But he had plenty of good qualities and in spite of this failing was generally liked by those who knew him.

The two men strolled westward down Piccadilly at a leisurely pace and, entering the Park, bent their steps along the side of Rotten row. Tom was engaged in watching the equestrians, who were out this afternoon in some numbers, when his friend nudged him, and called his attention to two ladies walking just in front.

"Do you know who they are?" he inquired, with a chuckle. The other looked quickly in the direction indicated, and at once recognized the two ladies, although they had just at that turned to him. His admiring eyes had watched Ethel Selwood's figure much too often to make it likely that he should be mistaken in her; while as for her aunt—that veteran dame's habit of attiring her by no means slender person in the close-fitting garb of an evergreen girlhood, made her particularly easy of identification. Indeed, her ridiculous assumption of the airs of youth was a standing joke among all her acquaintances; and the extraordinary prudery by which she would try to counterfeit girlish innocence, was certainly not the least laughable of these silly affectations.

On this occasion, she was followed by her two fat, overfed little pugs, whose obese bodies and waddling gait made them look not much unlike miniature imitations of their mis ress.

While Tom was engaged in watching them—the ladies, not the dogs—Edgehill stooped down, and, with an amused smile, picked up something which he saw lying on the gravel at his feet. It was a small leathern strap, about eighteen inches long, covered on the inside with red flannel. Any girl would have known what it was at a glance, and so would most men. But Tom, whose knowledge about ladies' wardrobe appliances was very limited, innocently said to his friend, "Hullo! What's that?"

"Don't you know?" asked Edgehill, darting a quick glance at his friend's face, to see if he were really as ignorant on the point as his words suggested.

"No," replied Tom, taking the article from the other's hand and inspecting it critically. "Unless," he added after a pause, "it's a dog-collar. It looks rather like it."

If he had been watching Edgehill's face, he would have seen the flickerings of a suppressed grin about his mouth and a mischievous twinkle in his eye, which might have put him on his guard. But unluckily for himself, he was not, and so the tokens escaped him. The truth was, a splendid notion of hoaxing Tom had been suggested to him by his latter's remark anent the dog-collar; and really the joke promised to be so very splendid that he could not resist the temptation of putting it into effect.

"You're quite right, old boy," he said, with well assumed gravity. "It is a dog-collar, probably belongs to some lady's pampered pet. They often line them with flannel, you know, to prevent their galling the tender little brutes' necks. . . . I say, Tom (appearing to notice the two fair ones in front, now for the first time). "It has evidently been dropped from one of those waddling little specimens that are following Miss Selwood and her aunt. . . . Here's your chance, Tom, of making a favorable impression on the old lady—(a most necessary preliminary to success with her niece) by restoring to her her lost property!"

"Shall I, by jingo?" exclaimed Jennings, eagerly jumping at the idea, and quite unsuspicious of humbug.

"Well, common civility demands that one or other of us should do so," Edgehill replied, with hesitation. "If you feel shy about it, of course I'll perform the act of restoration."

"Oh, I'll do it, right enough," replied Tom, hastily, resenting, as Edgehill had intended he should, the bare suggestion of shyness; and while he spoke he drew himself up to his full height to show off the set of his coat to the best advantage, "shot" his linen, and hurried after the two ladies with the little leather strap in his hand.

He soon overtook them and politely taking off his hat held the "dog-collar" to the elder lady, saying, with the most engaging expression, both of tone and countenance:

"I beg your pardon, but I think you must have dropped this."

The lady addressed quickly turned her head towards him, with the preliminaries of an affable simper apparent upon her face; but as her eyes fell on the flannel-lined strap, her expression suddenly changed into one of anger, indignation and outraged modesty and she exclaimed, with a withering, freezing intonation which might have made the most thick-skinned, self possessed man in the world feel himself hopelessly crushed:

"No, sir. It does not belong to us."

Then drawing herself up to something more than her full height and uttering a sharp "Come along, Ethel" to her niece, she walked rapidly on, leaving poor Tom in a state of open mouthed wonder, and not a little indignant at the manner in which his innocent civility had been received.

It did not serve to soothe his wounded feelings when he turned round and saw Edgehill, who had viewed the above little scene with the keenest relish and most huge enjoyment, leaning against the railing and pressing his hands to his sides, as if he feared being shaken in pieces by his convulsing laughter. Now, for the first time, Tom began to suspect that he had been hoaxed, and, approaching his friend, he said, angrily, "What is the matter, Edgehill? I fail to understand the joke!" The other's only answer was, to roll off into still more violent peals of laughter, until the tears literally ran down his cheeks.

"What are you laughing at?" repeated Tom, with increased annoyance. "There must be something funny, I suppose, but I'm hanged if I can see what."

"Oh, dear, dear!" gasped Edgehill, chokingly, as soon as he was able to articulate. "The old lady's face, when she answered you! Quite the most ludicrous thing I ever set eyes upon."

And he went off again into fresh peals of laughter at the recollection of it.

"Well, Edgehill," retorted Tom, very crossly, "you may think it funny, if you like, that she should have been so abominably rude and uncivil. But, damn me if I can see what there is to laugh at in such behavior. Even if the collar wasn't hers, that's no reason—"

"The collar! the collar!" broke in Edgehill, shrilly, "Bless my soul, Tom, how refreshingly innocent you are! *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, old fellow. Now, don't you twig?"

"Not in the least," replied Tom, with sulky stiffness. "Nor do I understand what bearing your confounded French has upon the matter."

"'Pon my life, you're a real male Miranda in your simplicity," exclaimed the other, raising his hands in a bantering gesture of surprise. "Don't you know of what Order my French quotation is the motto? Oh, Tom, Tom, that's not a dog-collar which you hold in your hand; it's a—lady's garter!"

Even before he had been apprised of the truth, Tom's face had not worn a particularly amiable look. But now an accession of real anger, with which was blended intense mortification, made itself apparent in his lowering brow, his flashing eye and quivering lip. He was, as we have said, an exceedingly bashful youth, and therefore magnified the enormity of his mistake quite unduly; and, having no sense of humor, the comic aspect of the affair was too entirely lost upon him to serve as any mitigation. Besides, the worst part of he had committed this dreadful *gaucherie* in the presence of the very young lady whose opinion he was especially anxious to command. If he had looked at Miss Ethel, indeed, instead of at her aunt, the expression of fear face might have reassured him not a little; for the look of dismay on her pretty face was ample, and she had to bite her lip to avoid breaking into a palpable laugh. But, after Edgehill's crushing and unexpectedly repulsed by the elder woman, he had been too much overcome to meet the younger's eye and had relied in doubtful and precipitate conclusion.

"All I can say is, Edgehill," exclaimed Tom, his voice quivering with reproachful indignation, "that you have served me a damned shabby and unfriendly trick. And I'd never have thought it of you."

Seeing that his friend was really hurt—indeed, he was as near crying with mortification as a man worthy of the name could well be—Edgehill stopped laughing and began to console him. But poor Tom was much too vexed to be easily appeased, and it took all the other's most persuasive arguments to prevent his walking off in a huff then and there.

"Look here, Tom," he said, after uttering a string of profuse and by no means insincere, apologies, "don't take it so frightfully to heart, old fellow. Miss Selwood has no sense—and, by all accounts, she has plenty—she'll never think at all the worse of this. Why, I was watching her face when you offered her aunt the garter, and I could see that she was intensely amused by the joke of the thing. Bless you, Tom, she laughs at the old lady's absurd foibles and pruderies just as much as any of us do."

"That's all very well," rejoined Tom, sulkily. "But even if Miss Selwood isn't offended, I've disdained my opportunity with her aunt. And you know, as well as I do, that if she's set against a fellow his chances of making play with Ethel are at a tremendous discount. Aren't they now?"

"Well, supposing they are," Edgehill replied, lightly. "We can soon pacify the old lady.

"I should like to know how, very much," growled the other, his ill-humor and vexation by no means dissipated. With a reasonable share of woman it might, perhaps, be managed. But with her—why, it's as good as impossible!"

Edgehill leaned against the railings which ran along the riding part of The Row from the footway, and puffed his cigar for some minutes in silence. Seeing how really Tom was hurt, and being, moreover, a right good-natured fellow, he was genuinely anxious to make up for what he had done and to devise some practical method of pacifying the old lady and restoring his friend to her good graces. This was what he was endeavoring to think out now, as he smoked in silence. Nor was it long before he evolved a much more than ordinary for grasping the potentialities of a situation on the spur of the moment) before he had hit upon a plan.

"Look here, Tom," he exclaimed, bringing his hand sharply down upon his thigh, "if I turn this garter episode to such account that I would restore you to the aunt's favor, but actually gain you a higher place than you occupied before, will you forgive me then?"

"Of course, I will," replied the other, less sulkily, "if you can do it. But how will you manage it, pray?"

"The first thing to do," Edgehill answered strolling across the walk and dropping into a seat on the other side, "is to take up a position here until Miss Selwood and her aunt return."

"But supposing they don't come back this way," objected Tom.

"I think they probably will do so," was the rejoinder, "as it is much pleasanter to cross Rotten Row. But if they do not, I shall have to defer my work of pacification until I meet them at Lady Northover's this evening. At any rate, it can do no harm to wait here a bit, and see if they are coming back. It's a nice, warm day, and we can comfortably enjoy our cigars of Havana."

"Very well," said Tom," taking a seat beside his friend. "But look here, Edgehill, when they do come back—or, rather, if they do—how shall you set about restoring my job?"

"You'll see," answered the other, in an enigmatic tone of voice. "But, I say, just hand us that—that dog-collar—will you?"

Tom hesitated and looked at his friend's face rather suspiciously. After the trick which had been played upon him, he was naturally disposed to sniff mischief.

"Promise me," he said, "that you mean me all fair and square, Edgehill, and that you are not going to make me the victim of another confounded practical joke."

"Honor bright, Tom," the other returned, leaning forward and taking the garter from his friend's hand. "I say" (stretching it to its full extent and contemplating it critically), "how long should you think this charming article is?"

"Eighteen inches—more or less," answered Tom, after a brief ocular measurement. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I have a reason—an excellent reason," was the rejoinder, "which you'll understand by and by."

And although Tom pressed him vigorously to explain the reason at once, he steadily refused to do so, saying that as he had undertaken to pacify Ethel Selwood's aunt he must be allowed to do so entirely in his own way. Seeing, therefore, that Edgehill's mind was quite made up on this point, Tom at length desisted and finished his cigar in silence, turning, however, many stealthy glances upon his friend's face, and vainly trying to read his purpose through the stolid, imperturbable expression which that gentleman had assumed for the occasion.

They sat thus for about half an hour, and Tom was on the point of remarking that it would be useless to wait there any longer, when, casting his eye once more along the promenade, he saw, with a sudden flutter of excitement, the figures of Ethel Selwood and her aunt approaching them in the distance.

"By Jove, Edgehill," he exclaimed, grasping his friend's arm, "here they are! coming back again, after all."

The other glanced quickly in the direction from which the two ladies were approaching, to make sure that his friend was right, and having satisfied himself on this head, he rose from his seat and said to him suddenly

"Tom, swear that you'll keep your countenance whatever I do or say!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jennings, in some perplexity.

"I mean," replied his friend with warning emphasis, "that if you indulge in so much as the ghost of a smile, you'll dish the whole affair utterly!"

Then muttering to himself, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Now may all the powers of impudence assist me!" he walked boldly across towards Miss Selwood and her aunt, and halted some twenty paces in front of the latter, politely took off his hat.

Tom watched him with interest and anxiety. He saw the lady bow to Edgehill very stiffly, and scowl in an ominous manner at the garter which he held in his hand. Then after a minute the expression of her face suddenly underwent an entire change—an affable simper took the place of the rigid scowl, and beckoning to Tom to approach her, she gave him her hand, saying in the most amiable and apologetic tones imaginable:

"I do hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Jennings, for the manner in which I behaved to you just now. I was acting under a wholly mistaken impression, for which I cannot sufficiently express my regret!"

No less pleased than mystified by this marvellous change in her demeanor, Tom replied that it was all his fault, and that no apology was necessary, and a minute later he found himself strolling along by Ethel Selwood's side—Edgehill walking on in front with her aunt, and delightfully her immediately by carrying on a spirited flirtation with her.

When Tom and Miss Selwood had loitered far enough behind to be out of ear-shot of the other two, the young lady turned to him suddenly, and giving him an arch look said, in a voice of playful reproach:

"Really, Mr. Jennings, it was too bad of you and Mr. Edgehill to play upon poor aunty's vanity by that dreadful ruse.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Tom, eagerly. "What did Edgehill say? Do tell me."

"Ah, of course, you don't know," replied Miss Selwood with smiling sarcasm. "Your mistake (very satirically) was a most ingenious one, I must admit."

"On my word of honor, Miss Selwood," cried Tom, concluding that Edgehill had given the true explanation of his *gaucherie*, "I thought the—the—article was a dog's collar—I did really, now!"

For a minute she looked hopelessly mystified. Then a light dawned on her and she burst into a rippling, silvery laugh.

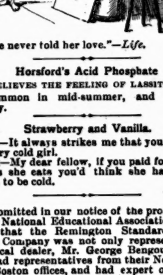
"Do you really mean," she ejaculated, "that you thought it belonged to one of aunty's pugs?"

"I swear I did—solemnly," answered Tom with convincing emphasis.

"And you don't know the fib by which Mr. Edgehill pacified her?" questioned Miss Ethel, darting at him a searching look.

"Honor bright, I haven't the least idea!" Tom replied, meeting her gaze without flinching.

"Then I suppose I must tell you," she said. "It was too bad of Mr. Edgehill, and I wonder how he had the face to do it so unblushingly, but by the way in which he spoke of the—the—article (as you call it), he gave auntie to suppose that both you and he were quite under the impression that it was—her waistband!"



"She never told her love."—*Life.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

RELIEVES THE FEELING OF LASSITUDE so common in mid-summer, and imparts vitality.

Strawberry and Vanilla.

Tom—It always strikes me that your fiancee is a very cold girl.

Jack—My dear fellow, if you paid for the ice creams she eats you'd think she had every reason to be cold.

We omitted in our notice of the proceedings of the National Educational Association to observe that the Remington Standard Typewriter Company was not only represented by the local dealer, Mr. George Bengough, but also had representatives from their New York and Boston offices, and had expert operators located at the various headquarters, where they were kept busy writing out papers for the officers and members of the association. This service was highly appreciated by the officers, many of whom spoke in terms of commendation of the generosity displayed by this enterprising establishment in gratuitously tendering such an efficient service. Some idea of the magnitude of the work done may be had from the fact that five copies of nearly all the speeches made at the meetings of the association were made and furnished to the daily papers.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations must be short. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4. Only one enclosure can be sent us with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possib'e in their turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules editor and correspondents will be saved a great deal of trouble.

J PEN AND ALICIA—See rules.

LEDA DALE.—A private letter has been sent to your address, for obvious reasons it have departed from my rule. Let me hear from you again.

DIPAH.—Writing shows good preseverance, ta'ent and truthfulness, some sense of humor, a very good amount of self-esteem, a dislike for restraint, and a pretty decided will of your own.

M. S. T.—Two studies have come, with an order for the paper containing them to be sent to a certain address. As no stamps are enclosed and sufficient are required to subscribe the paper, the Graphological Editor begs to be excused.

"BUDDY"—Writing shows candour, honesty, good energy and impulse, care and conscientiousness. It lacks finish and grace but is a good plain hand. I have no doubt the writer has all the stellar qualities and is a person worthy of all respect and consideration.

HORATIO.—Writing shows adaptability, ease of manner, fluency in speech, some ideality, great love of beauty of character, strong will, some love of fun, good perseverance, kindness, sometimes too impulsive to be controlled by rule and line, and you are apt to love your own way to excess.

KATHERINE—Writing shows ideality and some intuition, carelessness and desire for quiet, not unduly hopeful, rather easy temper, some good judgment, not sufficient constancy, but rather a pretty turn of fancy. A good deal of care would be needed and some practice to make it a good hand.

GERAHUM—1. Writing shows perseverance, some intuition, self-will, a too bit of temper, good judgment and some mith, a little reserve, a kind and upright nature. 2. My cutler tells me there is nothing that will restore them. The stain seems to become part and parcel of the ivory. I had occasion myself to it quite lately.

MELRYTAE—Writing shows good energy, perseverance and some talent. Writer has little imagination, though for the few her affection is warm and true, some love of ease and con fort, lack of appreciation of art, some 1 deper dence of thought, some self-esteem, a little stubbornness, or it may be only unsympathetic reserve, which is a most ea bad.

ABI, Erin.—1. Charcoal if properly ground could not hurt them. It is purifying and very good for them. 2. Writing shows a not very satisfactory being rather weak and unformed but shows some ideality and great hopefulness, good perseverance and some sentiment. I think you can enjoy a good laugh and are kind, candid, and anxious to do right.

MIDGET, Cobourg.—1. Writing shows individuality, ideality, some haste and impatience of detail, you are rather just than generous, hasty in your conclusions and fond of having your own way in a good humored way, has a little will. 2. I am afraid you are not pains-taking and perseverings enough to make a marked success, though you have talent plainly shown.

SPANISH GIRST.—1. Writing shows sympathetic feeling, care and gratitude, a good share of self-esteem, generous nature. It is not a strong hand, but probably like 12 s writer, attractively feminine, you are generous, hopeful and sanguine. 2. I will put you in a list next week. 3. You can have the superfluous hairs plucked out; don't try and do it yourself. Have you been dipping them, Gipsey?

ROSE.—This study is weak and uncertain. Its good points are tenacity of purpose, truth and some sense of humor. It lacks tact and perception, though it shows a good share of acuteness in some matters. Writer is probably nervous and self-conscious, decidedly careless, and though conscientious still does fall short of what she should accomplish. There are some capital traits which should be developed by the subject.

BAYARD.—Writing shows good intuitive perception, correct judgment and the faculty for managing affairs, temperamental but not unduly so; inclined to hopeful plans and speculations, rather deliberate and restrained. Writer is probably of pleasing address and winning manner, is eminently truthful and reliable and when his mind is made up to a certain course of action, it would take a powerful force to change it. Mirth and some share of humor are also shown in this capital chirography.

KIT.—Your breezy letter was much enjoyed when it came (exactly two months ago!). Writing shows superabundant energy, very considerable talent, a peritinacity that ought to command success; some sharpness of speech and considerable love of power; a disposition to fun and a tendency to enjoy it at others expense, of which beware, my Kit, your writing gives fat denial to that myth if romps round the flower beds, but stranger freaks than that will come your way, or I am much mistaken. I hope you will send me another bright letter some day soon.

WHITEFARM.—1. Writing shows some ideality, rather a lack of refinement, however, and want of sympathy. Writer isn't very generous in her judgments, though she tries to be so. Occasionally can be influenced by persuasion and gain by coaxing or reasoning or simple perseverance the end aim sh. Will ide the character is not strong and is easily influenced, the tendency is to truth and candor, but the affection is variable and unreliable. The good points just mentioned are not marked and failin in this study. 2 My thoughts on the subject might be gleaned from definitions.

B HE-BA.—Writing shows independence, lack of care and no desire of approbation, rather a pronounced individuality and want of the gentler intuitions of tact and sympathy. Writer is matter of fact and decided in opinions, and rather apt to look down upon her more romantic sisters with contempt, upon the supposition that my correspondent is a lady, a hustler on which her peculiar traits leave me in a little doubt. Writer is fond of exercise and restraint and become impatient when tried, has good self-esteem and some tenacity of purpose. Whether man or woman will make her individuality felt.

EVADNE.—1. There is no reason except that in the east, whence the custom came, among many purer and fragrant ones they are perhaps without a reason. The use of ability of the valley and the bridal rose is gaining in favor. 2 It all depends on circumstances, on a summer resort, or on some festive occasion it would not be remarkable, otherwise it is not just the thing. 3 A woman lacking dignity, honor and 3 freedom. 4. Writing shows ideality, temper, hope, honesty and kindness, generosity, and constancy to your real friends, some share of caution and love of society, not a very concentrated spirit but a very likeable nature.

S. E. C.—1. Writing shows self-reliance and perversity, but combined with some good sense, which ought to check impulse. You have some perseverance but not enough for a great difficulty; are at once hard in judgment and generous in heart; lack tact, and have no genius for managing people or events. You have decided opinions and express them aggressively, perhaps that accounts for the idea some of your friends have formed. Very strong opinions are apt to develope self-assertion. 2 I have no time to consider your question, but you are vague and inclined to your views. 3. There is not anything the matter with your writing; it is a legible and characteristic hand.

JENNY.—1. The common-sense shoes are very comfortable to walk in. They are low heeled a if roomy across the toes. 2 Be a little more careful in your exercise and sometimes by doctor's advice, but unless one really suffers from obesity it is unwise to try and reduce too quickly. I have lost several pounds and feel better for it. 3 Gate water is comfortably retained. 3 Constant manicuring; gently press back the encroaching skin and pare it off neatly with a very sharp scissors, after soaking in warm water. 4 Writing shows good nature and kindness, some ambition and wish for superiority, a little self-conceit and a disposition to build castles in the air, which will do no harm if kept in check by duty and good sense. I don't think writer would be good at finesse or of a managing disposition, rather frank and outspoken and apt to trend on corns inadvertently, and a little mite capricious in her likes and dislikes.

MOTHER.—1. Writing shows hope and gentleness, rather anxious in little things and inclined to quick returns on small outlay, some sense of humor, good tact and intuitive perception, a persistence when it will gain success, not a rugged strong character, but not too pliant to influence, have a quietly calm satisfaction in your own ways, and they are some silly pets of yours. If you owe a debt pay it and but not one inch more, and you are chary of expressing your feelings sweet as they may be. 2 Your enclosed study is very good, very reliable, clear and well made. It shows a happy disposition, contented and hopeful, with some imagination, a great care, and perhaps a strong sense of right and honor. I think the writer would be strictly truthful and reliable. She lacks your own intuition in great measure, and is not quick to see through pretence. She is a good deal of wasted energy and want of decision, with a suspicion of humor.

MIRANDA.—1. There is nothing improper about it, but I should not unless there were a certain degree of intimacy. I speak from experience. Nothing is so bad as seeing you home from an entertainment—it would be quite correct. 2. Your first duty is to protect yourself. I don't quite understand what you would do if you were to keep a little a little reserved and prove your suspicions, if they are grounded on fact, with a little more composure. 3 Certainly not. Fast is a very strong term, but it all depends on the way it is done and the degree of intimacy. Generally speaking it is a very good observer is slightly may be! 4. Writing shows some temper and self-will, rather impulsive and outspoken, not too pretentious, but rather well balanced judgment. The main fault is a disposition to be influenced and changed in your opinions by little things this weakness an either attractive or repulsive. You have rather a large opinion of yourself notwithstanding.

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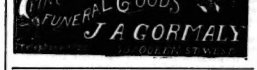

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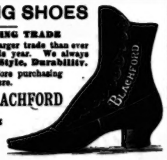

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NIAGARA-ON THE LAKE.

Owing to some difficulty in securing a ball-room in their own city that would satisfy the wishes and requirements of the committee and members, the St. Catharines Lawn Tennis Club decided to hold their annual ball at the Chautauqua hotel. Consequently invitations were issued for Thursday evening instead of for the usual Wednesday night dance, thus combining the two. The result was one of the most delightful dances held so far this season. With a few exceptions all the fashion and beauty of the town were present, while the party from St. Catharines, numbering about sixty, brought with them some familiar faces from Toronto and Niagara Falls. Among others present were: Mr. and the Misses Mack, Mr. Fuller, Mr. Reynolds, Dr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. Hellwell, Miss Bate, the Misses Larkin, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Heward Helliwell, Mr. A. Jones, Mr. Hancock, the Misses Thompson, Mr. Blackwood, Miss Houston, Miss Arnold, Miss Kingsmill, the Misses Geale, Miss Montgomery, Mrs. and Miss Dyer, Mr. G. Foulkes, Mr. and Miss Milloy, Mr. Nilles, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Deane, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Scull, Mr. A. Sawin, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. Arnold, Mr. C. Swaley, the Misses Heward, Mr. H. McGiverin, Mr. Griffin, Mr. and Miss E. Russell, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. Moreton, Mr. H. W. Pringle, Mr. E. Syer, Mrs. Eastman, Mrs. Sheridan, the Misses Boulton. On such a special occasion there were of course many handsome costumes in the room. A few particularly remarked were: Miss Kingsmill, black lace; Miss Lulu Thompson, black net, yellow ribbons; Miss Heward, black lace and white chrysanthemums; Miss Edith Heward, white cashmere and marguerites; Miss C. Arnold, white china silk; Miss Houston, canary-colored cashmere; Miss Mack, lavender silk; Miss Milloy, cream cashmere and orange silk; Miss Russell, blue china silk; Miss C. Mack, mauve and cream china silk; Miss Larkin, blue cashmere and coffee lace; Miss Montgomery, white net and yellow ribbons; Miss Bate, black net; Miss Deane, black net.

The first concert given this season at the Chautauqua amphitheater by Mr. W. E. Ramsay last Friday was a great success. At least three or four hundred were present, and the hearty burst of applause which greeted his appearance upon the platform must have been most gratifying to him. His selection of songs was a most happily chosen one, each in turn receiving one, sometimes two encores, to which he good-humoredly responded, to the heartily expressed delight of his audience. He was assisted during the evening by Mrs. Ramsay, who, as Miss Fowler, will be remembered as one of the stars of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Leydon, Master Bert Thompson and Professor S. H. Clark, all of whom are familiar and favorite figures upon the platform of the Chautauqua amphitheater and are too well known to need further notice.

Some of those present at the hop at the Queen's last Saturday were: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Mr. Pipon, the Misses Boulton, Mr. J. G. and the Misses Heward, Miss Kingsmill, the Misses Thomson, Miss F. Houston, Mr. Creiz, Mr. Ernest Macrae, Mr. Campoell, Mr. and Miss Russell, Mrs. J. Lewis, Miss Bryan, Mrs and Miss Dryer, Miss Montgomery, the Misses Ker, Mrs. Hedley Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. Fabian, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. W. and the Misses Gale, Miss Burnett, Miss Gertrude Armstrong, Mr. Robertson, the Misses King, Miss Paffard, Capt. and Mrs. Irving, Miss R. Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. M. Burrell, Mr. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Talt, Mr. H. Lansing, Mr. F. Kaybett.

Some of the costumes worn were: Mrs. Walter Dickson, mauve and white; Miss Armstrong, white net; Miss Russell, white satin striped gauze; Miss Houston, pink muslin; Miss Bryan, white gauze; Miss M. Gale, white watered silk; Miss Montgomery, white dotted muslin, yellow ribbons; Miss Burnett's, one of the most noticeably handsome dresses in the room, salmon brocaded silk, white silk fringe; Mrs. Strathy, mauve silk; Miss Boulton, white China silk; Miss Paffard, black net; Mrs. Irving, blue and white costume, jeweled belt; Miss King, yellow cashmere with black feather trimming; Miss Heward, white embroidered muslin, mauve ribbons; Miss Thomson, black net with corsage bouquet of pink roses; Miss L. Thomson, black lace and natural roses.

About half past seven last Sunday morning the alarming cry of fire rang through the corridors of the Queen's Royal hotel. The scene that followed can be easily imagined. Figures in picturesquely light attire appeared at half open doorways and rows of frightened, anxious faces looked eagerly out from the windows of every flat. Nothing, however, was to be seen except from the windows overlooking the kitchen on the south side, where the fire originated, and to which it was happily entirely confined. About half an hour sufficed to reduce order and quiet the fears of the alarmed guests, who thankfully retreated to unpack valises and lose in sleep the remembrance of their short-lived terror.

The grim fiend was also at work last Friday night, when Mrs. Chittenden's pretty little cottage, Riverside, was reduced to a heap of ashes. Willing hands rendered every possible assistance, but the fire was discovered too late to attempt more than the placing in safety of some of the most valuable pieces of furniture. Mrs. and the Misses Chittenden are at present stopping with friends on the River road.

The Misses Thompson of Toronto and Miss Houston of Niagara Falls south, who were the guests last week of Miss Kingsmill, have returned home.

Miss Boulton is the guest of Miss Kingsmill.

Mr. and Mrs. Fabian spent a few days last week at the Willows.

Mr. and Mrs. Copp and family of Wellesley street, Toronto, will spend a week or two at Miss Heaven's.

Prof. Clark was in town on Monday.

Miss Paffard has returned from St. Catharines where she has been visiting friends during the past few weeks. GALATEA.

BARRIE.

The following guests are staying at Biz Bay Point, near Barrie: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kirk, family and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. George Foxall and child, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stone and baby, Miss L. Armson, Misses L. M. and A. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Strange and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carry, child and nurse; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pate and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Davis, nurse and children, Mr. M. Lawrence, Mrs. Yater, Mrs. G. F. Howard and family, Alf. Featherstonehaugh, Bob Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen, Miss L. Ansell, Mrs. G. Lyon, Mr. J. S. Cohen, Miss Walker, Misses J. and M. L. Walker, Miss Ray Cohen, N. Burdan, all of Toronto. Aug. Morgan, of Shanty Bay, Mrs. E. Lennox of Brooke, Mr. W. P. Chapman, Messrs. Will Bickell, H. G. Jackson, D. H. MacLaren, Vaughan W. Roberts, crew of yacht "Norma," Barrie. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKeggie of Barrie.

Mr. Bogart has again opened his studio and placed his large tent in position. Mr. Bogart has a large number of curios from the Southern States on exhibition, which excite the admiration of all. A new floor makes the tri-weekly dances full of pleasure.

A picnic party of about thirty came from Barrie last week on the steam yacht "Sea Flower" and enjoyed a dance at Mr. Bogart's tent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sanford and family of Barrie have arrived at their pretty little cottage at the Point. Miss Spry of Barrie is visiting Mrs. Sanford.

Now that the steamer "Lillie" has commenced her regular trips, a large number of campers are expected.

Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Heindrich and Miss Baby Heindrich of Toronto are camping on the Point.

The Peninsular Park post office has been opened at the Robinson House for the convenience of campers and visitors to the Point. Mails are daily from Barrie.

Once in a While.

The Rev. Jasper Bash, a circuit rider in Tennessee, got up a great revival in Sumner county and succeeded in bringing into the sheepfold of redemption nearly every wayward one in the neighborhood. Among the obstinates was an old horse swapper named Cline. One night, near the close of the revival, the preacher approached Cline, who sat at the rear end of the house, and sitting down beside him, said:

"Brother Cline, I am sorry to see you holding back."

"Well," Cline answered, "I reckon it's nachul for a hoss to hold back when he don't know what's at the bottom of the hill."

"Yes, that is true enough when the horse is turned down hill, but we are headed up hill, Brother Cline, and want you to go along with us."

"Parson, I don't believe I can do it and keep on with my business. I don't believe I can be religious and keep on swappin' hosses; and if I stop, why, I can't make a livin' for my family."

"But why can't you swap horses and be religious at the same times?"

"Wall, because a horse-swapper must stretch the truth once in a while."

"It won't make any difference. Come, let me lead you to the altar."

"I'd rather not, parson," said Cline, holding back.

"Come on, for I tell you—confidentially, of course"—he whispered, "that it won't make any difference if you stretch facts only once in a while."

Cline went to the mourners' bench, prayed for regeneration, and, on the following Sunday, was taken in as a member of the church. Several days afterward, while riding along the road, Cline met the preacher, who was on his way to fill an appointment.

"Why, how are you, Brother Bash?"

"First rate, I thank you, Brother Cline."

"Brother Bash, I think you ought to have a better hoss than the one you're ridin'. There's no reason why a preacher shouldn't ride as good stock as anybody. I've got a lot of good hosses on hand, and if you want this hoss, why, I reckon we can arrange for you to get him."

"Yours is surely a noble looking animal," said the preacher, his eyes brightening as he surveyed the horse.

"Yes," replied Cline, "and he is as good as he looks. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I have been wanting to do something for you ever since I joined your church, and am willin' to let you have this fine hoss for the pony you are ridin'."

"You are surely generous," said the preacher, "and feeling that I have been instrumental in doing you good, I will avail myself of your kind offer. Your horse is gentle, I hope?"

"As a lamb," Cline answered.

"Two good eyes, I presume?"

"Like two spy-glasses."

They dismounted, took off their saddles and exchanged horses.

About a week later the preacher, walking, and limping painfully, approached Cline's house.

"How are you, Brother Bash?" Cline called, coming out towards the fence.

"Don't you call me brother," exclaimed the preacher.

"Why not?"

"Because you grossly lied to me. You said that the infernal horse was gentle, and he almost broke my leg the life out of me. You said that he had two good eyes, and he walked off a bluff and killed himself."

I'm sorry, Brother Bash, but see here a moment. Before I went to the mourners' bench I told you about my hoss-swappin', and you said it wouldn't make any difference if I didn't tell the truth once in a while, and when I swapped with you it happened to be one of the once in a whiles. Good day, Brother Bash."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Considering Trifles.

Br'er Cornkuller—How am it, Br'er Kaulyflower, dat de kermittee at de fa'r gib de premyum fo' de bes' apples ter Br'er Calamus? Dem apples er Br'er Calamus did'n bergin ter fotch up wid mine.

Br'er Kaulyflower—As ter de size an' fa'mess ob de apple y'erm recktertied in yo' statemen', Br'er Kornkuller, but as ter de size an' flavor ob de wuss in de seberal specerimiits, dem what 'habited Br'er Calamus' pippins wuz the mos' fat an' palumble, an' deze am things de hones' kermittee am boun' ter consider.—*Boston Courier.*

Boudoir Requirements.

A large and handsomely fitted store, devoted to the various items of a lady's toilet has been opened lately at corner of Yonge and Carlton streets, which is a credit to Toronto, for there is not a finer hairgoods, hairdressing and perfumery establishment to be seen in New York, Chicago or Boston, than this one. On the ground floor the goods are on exhibition, with private offices for trying on hairgoods, and at the rear of the store is a handsomely fitted up gentleman's hair-dressing parlor, with electric machinery for hair cutting, etc. On the first floor, are the ladies hair-dressing rooms, six in number, with the large waiting parlor beautifully fitted up. The second floor and basement are devoted to the manufacture of hairgoods and toilet preparations. The owners of this establishment are Trancle-Armand & Co. Composed of Jean Trancle-Armand, manager and O. Trencle-Armand residing in Paris, France. The proprietors deserve all praise for their enterprise. Jean Trencle-Armand is a well-known artist among the fashionable society of Toronto, and equally well-known among the profession of Paris and London.

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	Pongor, worth 70c.			Gros Grain, worth 75c.	
BLACK SILK BLACK SILK	Surahs, worth 75c.	Only 50c	ROYAL ARMURE PURE SILK	Silks, worth $1.25	Only 75c
	Crepe, worth $1.00			Gros Grain, worth $1.10	
SI K MOIRE PURE SILK	Antique, worth $2.00	Only $1	PURE SILK PURE SILK	Tricotine, worth $1.50	Only $1
	Luxor, worth $1.50			Mascotte, worth $1.50	

And hundreds of other lines, which we must omit, owing to the limited space at our disposal. Ladies, we invite you to visit our store and examine each line of goods. We will be pleased to show them whether you purchase or not.

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SATURDAY

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Chorus—Let it ring! (They dive).

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has now been placed in the most favorable position (as to light) which it has yet occupied, and its magnificent qualities as a work of art may now be appreciated to a degree hitherto not possible.

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The Grand Old Man in a Nutshell.

It is said that there once lived a man who wrote out the whole of Homer's Iliad in such tiny characters that his transcript could be carried about in a nutshell. His task can scarcely have been more difficult than that which Mr. George Russell had to face when he undertook to tell the story of Mr. Gladstone's life and career in less than three hundred octavo pages. The great statesman's active connection with the politics and social life of our country extends over more than half a century, and he has touched and adorned the life of our Victorian era at almost every point. A small work devoted to so large a subject must be, to be worth anything, a marvel of condensation. We find such marvel in Mr. Russell's contribution to the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series. There are none of the weary commonplaces of contemporary biography within its covers; it is at once well-informed, concise, and judicious. The author has had an Iliad to transcribe; and he has kept it within the compass of a nutshell. To review the book at length would be to re-write the history of the last fifty years; we shall, therefore, best consult the interests of our readers by dealing with those chapters which contain new and hitherto inaccessible information.

Mr. Russell devotes a good deal of his space to Mr. Gladstone's youth. As he points out in the preface to the little volume before us, he has "touched lightly on those later events of Mr. Gladstone's career which are within general recollection" and "bestowed more detailed attention on the early stages, which are now to most people either unknown or forgotten." Hence the many pages devoted to his life at Eton and at Oxford.

He entered Eton after the summer holidays of 1821, under the head-mastership of the terrific Dr. Keate. To quote the emphatic testimony of Sir Richard Murchison, he was then "the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." He boarded at Mrs. Shurey's, a house at the south end of the broad walk in front of the schools and facing the chapel, and rather nearer the famous Christopher Inn than would nowadays be thought desirable. On the wall opposite the house (which now belongs to Mr. Carter) the name of "Gladstone," carved, it is believed, by the statesman's own hand, may still be traced.

Mr. Gladstone worked hard even during his school-days. He was a "sap".

In other words (says Mr. Russell) he was not ashamed to fulfill the purpose for which boys are, at any rate in theory, sent to school. He worked hard at his classical lessons, and supplemented the ordinary business of the school by studying mathematics in the holidays. His interest in work was first aroused by Mr. Hawtrey, afterwards head master, who commended a copy of his Latin verses, and "sent him up for good." This experience first led the young student to associate intellectual work with the ideas of ambition and success. He was not a fine scholar in that restricted sense of the term which implies a special aptitude for turning English into Greek and Latin or for original versification in the classical languages. "His composition," we read, "was stiff," but he was imbued with the substance of his authors.

Mr. Gladstone was not popular, or even widely known, at Eton. He was seen to the greatest advantage and was most thoroughly at home in the debates of the Eton Society and in the editorship of the *E'on Miscellany*.

The Eton Society in Gladstone's day was a remarkable group of brilliant boys. Its meetings were held over Miss Hatton's "sock-shop." Its tone was intensely Tory. Current politics were forbidden subjects, but political opinion disclosed itself through the thin disguise of historical or academical questions. The execution of Stafford and Charles I., the characters of Oliver Cromwell and Milton, the "Contrat Social" of Rousseau, and the events of the French Revolution, laid bare the speakers' political tendencies as effectually as if the conduct of Queen Caroline, the foreign policy of Lord Castlereagh, or the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act had been the subject of debate.

Mr. Gladstone left Eton at Christmas, 1827; and having read for six months with private tutors, went up to Christ Church in October, 1828. Here, as at Eton, his chief distinction was his eloquence. He took a brief but brilliant share in the proceedings of the Union of which he was successively secretary and president.

His great achievement was his speech against the Whig Reform Bill. [This, by the way, was unearthed by Disraeli and used in debate many years afterwards]. In April, 1831, Arthur Hallam writes: "I have had a long letter from Gladstone; he is very bitter against the Reform Bill;" and when he came to deliver his sentiments in debate his genuine indignation raised him to an unusual pitch of eloquence. He denounced the bill as destined to change our form of government and to break up the foundations of social order. One who heard this famous discourse says that it "converted Alston, the son of the member of Hartford, who immediately on the conclusion of Gladstone's speech walked across from the Whig to the Tory side of the House, amidst loud acclamations." Another who heard it says: "Most of the speakers rose, more or less, above their usual level, but when Mr. Gladstone sat down we all of us felt that an epoch in our lives had occurred. It certainly was the finest speech of his that I ever heard." Bishop Charles Wordsworth says that his experience of Mr. Gladstone at this time "made me (and, I doubt not, others also) feel no less sure than of my own existence that Gladstone, our then Christ Church undergraduate, would one day rise to be Prime Minister of England."

Of his private life, Mr. Russell for obvious and sufficient reasons says very little. But he makes up for his failure to do so by a brilliant analysis of the many-sided character of his friend and sometimes political chief. The paramount factor of the great man's nature, according to Mr. Russell, is his religiousness.

The religion in which Mr. Gladstone lives and moves and has his being is an intensely vivid and energetic principle, passionate on its emotional side, definite in its theory, imperious in its demands, practical, visible and tangible in its effects. It runs like a silver strand through the complete and variegated web of his long and chequered life. We saw that he wished to take Holy Orders instead of entering parliament. Had the decision gone differently, the most interesting of all the Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury would still be to be written. But the mere choice of a profession could make no difference to the ground-tone of Mr. Gladstone's thought. While a politician he was still essentially, and above all, a Christian—some would say, an ecclesiastic. Through all the changes and chances of a political career, as a Tory, as a Home Ruler, in office and in opposition, sitting as a duke's nominee for a pocket borough, and enthroned as the idol of an adoring democracy Mr. Gladstone,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won.

In his own personal habits, known to all men, of systematic devotion; in his rigorous reservation of the Sunday for sacred uses; in his written and spoken utterances; in his favorite studies; in his administration of public affairs; in the grounds on which he has based his opposition to policies of which he has disapproved—he has steadily and constantly asserted for the claims of religion a paramount place in public consideration, and has reproved the state socialism which thinks, or affects to think, that Christianity, as a spring of human action, is an exhausted force.

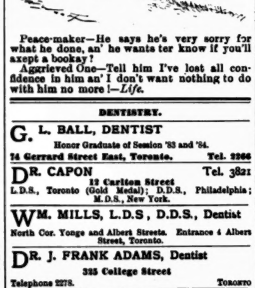
Next to religiousness comes love of power.

From his youth up Mr. Gladstone has been conscious of high aims and great abilities. He has earnestly desired to serve his day and generation, and he has known that he has unusual capacity for giving effect to this desire. In order that those powers and that capacity may have free scope, it has been necessary that their possessor should be in a position of authority, of leadership, of command. And thus it comes about that ambition has been part of his religion: for ambition means with him nothing else than the resolute determination to possess that official control over the machine of State which will enable him to fulfill his predestined part in the providential order, and to do, on the largest scale and with the amplest opportunities, what he conceives to be his duty to God and man. This is Mr. Gladstone's love of power.

It will probably surprise no one to learn that Mr. Gladstone is "essentially and fundamentally a Conservative."

This temper of his mind (remarks Mr. Russell) powerfully affects his feelings about great authors of all types and times. He is a cavalier all over in his devotion to Sir Walter Scott. He reveres St. Thomas Aquinas as a chief exponent of the great principle of authority.

Mr. Gladstone has occasionally carried his devotion to the existing order of things to a ludicrous point. He has been heard to lament the abolition of the nobleman's gown at Oxford, and he deprecated the admission of the general public to Constitution Hill.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



Peace-maker—He says he's very sorry for what he done, an' he wants ter know if you'll accept a bookay!

Aggrieved One—Tell him I've lost all confidence in him an' I don't want nothing to do with him no more!—*Life.*

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Births.

ARMITAGE—At St. Catharines, on July 23, Mrs. W. J. Armitage—a daughter.
FARQUHAR—At Toronto, on July 20th, Mrs. George Farquhar—a son.
HODGINS—At Rosedale, on May 25, Mrs. Frank E. Hodgins—a daughter.
LINDSAY—At Toronto, on July 19, Mrs. David Lindsay—a daughter.
HAMILTON—At Toronto, on July 22, Mrs. F. R. Hamilton—a son.
PALMER—At Woodstock, on July 20, Mrs. B. W. Palmer—a daughter.
ECCLESTONE—At Toronto, on July 18, Mrs. H. Y. Ecclestone—a son.
KEEFER—At Galt, on July 19, Mrs. W. Napier Keefer—a son.
PEARSALL—At Toronto, on July 20, Mrs. C. Pearsall—a daughter.
SMITH—At Toronto, on July 14, Mrs. W. Harley Smith—a daughter.
McCLELLAND—At Toronto, on July 18, Mrs. R. McClelland—a daughter.
EARL—At Toronto, on July 22, Mrs. Edward H. Earl—a daughter.
BOYD—At Toronto, on July 24, Mrs Alex. M. Gorrie—a son.
SILCOX—At Greenwood, on July 24, Mrs. J. D. Silcox—a son.
GIBSON—At Walkerton, on July 22, Mrs. Alfred Gibson—a son.

Marriages.

MOFFAT—MESTON—At St. Thomas' church, Sussex avenue, Toronto, on June 23, by Rev. J. C. Roper, M.A., George Moffat, editor of *Our Monthly*, to Kate Meston of Bowerman, Drumoak, Aberdeenshire, Scotland.
ORR—JOHNSTON—At the residence of the bride's parents, on July 21, by Rev. Kenneth McLennan, Mr. Robert Kembal Orr, B.A., barrister-at-law, to Miss Dora A. J. Johnston, third daughter of Mr. James Johnston of Whitby, Ont. No cards.
GRAY—GLASSFORD—At Toronto, on July 22, Henry J. Gray to Mary Emma G ssford.
BOWLES—HOMUTH—At Wingham, on July 22, Edgar Bowles to Rosa Homuth.
BOWERMAN—MADDEN—At Toronto, on July 22, Stephen L. Bowerman to Rhoda B. Madden.

GOODMAN—McCALLUM—At New Hamburg, on July 23, Edwin Goodman, M.B., to Jessie Georgina McCallum.
MITCHELL—CROWSTON—At Langside, on July 14, Moorehouse Mitchell to Kate Crowston.
LEE—CARTER—At Bengueila, West Africa, on July 23, Rev. Wilberforce Lee to Agnes Alberta Carter.
MITCHELL—BROWNLOW—At Chicago, on July 21, George C. Mitchell to Adelaide Brownlow.
GLASS—STARK—At Hamilton, on July 22, John H. Glass to Emilie Mabel Stark
ROBINSON—AWTY—At Mitchell, on July 22, I. A. Robinson to Hattie Awty.
SHERIDAN—IANSON—At Toronto, on July 24, Joseph Brimsley Sheridan to Marjorie Florence Sanson.
KENWORTHY—KEAGEY—At Grimsby Park, on July 27, J. W. Kenworthy, jr., to Sarah Caroline Keagey.

Deaths.

MACNACHTAN—At Cobourg, on July 22, Edmund A. Macnachtan, aged 66 years
MILLIGAN—At Toronto, on July 22, Harriette Eunice Milligan, aged 48 years
PIM—At Toronto, on July 22, Mrs. Jane Parker, aged 56 years.
PATTISON—At Chicago, on July 17, Elijah S. Pattison.
CANIFF—At Belleville, on July 22, Jonas Caniff, aged 74 years.
ARBUTHNOT—At Toronto, on July 25. Duncan Stuart Arbuthnot, aged one year and 17 days.
LAIDLAW—At Toronto, on July 26, the infant son of James Laidlaw, aged 3 weeks.
BENNETT—At Orangeville, on July 26, Margaret Ann Bennett.
COSGROVE—At Toronto, on July 23, Owen Cosgrove.
CROSBY—At Markham, on July 22, Mary Crosby, aged 85 years
SHEARD—At Toronto, on July 23, Sarah Sheard, aged 76 years.
VON ZUBEN—On July 26, Emil Von Z'ben.
RAE—At Sydenham, on July 7, Mary Beveright Rae, aged 72 years.
KENNEDY—At Dixie, on July 28, John Kennedy, aged 48 years and 2 months
CRAWFORD—At Dunville, July 12, Charles Court Crawford, aged 73 years.
ROBLIN—At Toronto, on July 28, James W. Roblin, aged 6 months 23 days.

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THIRD DAY—2.40 class trot and pace, purse $300 2 50 class trot and pace, purse $300.
FOURTH DAY—2 50 class, purse $300. 2 30 class trot and pace, purse $300.
FIFTH DAY—2 24 class, purse $300. two mile race, trotters and pacers, $400.
Entries close July 30. Entrance fee 7½ per cent. American Trotting Association Rules to govern.
Races in harness, mile heats, best three in five. Money divided 50, 25, 15 and 10 per cent. Horses eligible May 22, 1891. The right to postpone reserved in account of weather or other causes. The right to change the order of any day's programme. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive first money only. Four to enter and three to start. All horses kept on the grounds will be charged 75c. per day for board. Admission to grounds 50c., vehicles 50c., children 25c., ladies free. Dufferin Park can be reached by Queen and Brockton, College and Dover court, and Bloor Street cars. J. S. CHARLES, Prop.,
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Odd Definitions.

Stability was recently defined as "the cleaning up of a stable." "What comes next to man in the scale of being?" inquired an examiner. "His shirt," was the reply. Asked to give the distinction, if any, between a fort and a fortress, a boy nicely defined them: "A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress is a place to put women in."

A teacher asked a very juvenile class which of them had ever seen a magnet. A sharp urchin at once said he had seen lots of them. "Where?" asked the teacher, surprised at his proficiency. "In the cheese." Being asked what connection "was a boy replied, "An inward monitor." Asked what a monitor meant, the ready answer was, "An ironclad vessel."

An examiner was dealing with grammatical diminutives, and particularly with the force of the suffix *kin*—mannikin, a little man, etc. On his asking the lads to give him a few examples of such "diminutives," a number of eager hands were soon raised.

The gentleman, much gratified at such a ready response to his question, pointed to one of the lads for an answer.

"Lambkin, a little lamb," was the reply.

"Very good, indeed," said the examiner, and pointed to another lad.

"Tomkin, a little Tom," was the answer.

The gentleman somewhat demurred at this, but finally accepted it. He then pointed to a further lad.

"Buskin, a little 'bus!" was the response.

The examiner's countenance fell. "Now, my lads," he pleaded, "do take time before you speak. The last answer was altogether wrong." And he pointed to a little fellow behind, who had been trying to attract his attention. "Well, you, my lad?"

"Pumpkin, sir, a little pump!"

His Sarcasm.

At a fashionable gathering a gentleman made several attempts to start the conversation, but owing to the stupidity of those present he failed completely. After a painful pause he finally remarked: "Now let us be silent on some other subject."